Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 42 MONTREAL, OCTOBER 16, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Wm Bronscombe 230504

King Whiskey

(The New York 'Journal.')

Of suicides, at least ninety-nine out of a hundred result from excessive drinking.

When you see a lot of young men gambling away their money, sleep, future and honor you find that they are drinking.

If one of them is not drinking, he is a sharp-eyed, clear-headed swindler engaged in robbing the others.

That swindler among gamblers knows better than anybody else that his ablest ally, his most cunning assistant, is alcohol.

Many a man ruined by gambling has been made a gambler and captured for life by the drink offered to him at the door, just as he had made up his mind not to gamble or to stop gambling and go home.

WHISKEY IS THE KING, LEADER AND INSTIGATOR.

A young man, made notorious through inherited money, recently squandered a large fortune at gambling in one night. His friends could only say for him, by way of excuse, that he drank too much.

Of 'moderate' whiskey drinkers at least half are struggling against the temptation to drink excessively. Of the moderate whiskey drinkers, of those priding themselves on their self-restraint, a great many do drink to excess occasionally, and every time they make this mistake their moderation diminishes and their self-control is weakened.

There is no sadder drinker than the miscalled 'moderate' whiskey drinker.

He takes a drink, then takes another, then uses up his best energies and his strength of will in the attempt to keep from taking a third. He was, technically, a 'moderate' drinker last year, and considers himself a 'moderate' drinker this year. But what he takes to-day he would have looked upon with horror a year or two ago.

The hard drinker goes to destruction; he travels quickly over his hideous journey.

The so-called 'moderate' drinker struggles and deceives himself more or less. Sometimes, if he is fortunate and not overdriven by cares and failures, he gets through life in a more or less respectable fashion. More often he fills up the place of some confirmed drunkard who has gone to his grave by one of the whiskey routes.

The drinker who foolishly talks, at home and abroad, of his 'moderate' drinking and its harmless character is among the most harmful of men. During his brief period of life he makes whiskey respectable. He is the recruiting sergeant who adds to the army of drunkards.

Another dangerous and at the same time preposterous creature is the besotted fool who boasts of the amount that he can drink.

In every barroom, in every club, you meet a poor, befuddled, weakened creature bragging about his 'capacity.' This same man sneers at the respectable human being who cannot drink much.

It is a fact that the drunkard who boasts of the quantity of alcohol he can put into his system is actually admired by other men. He never is compared, as he should be compared, to a hog with tuberculosis.

When you next hear a man boasting of what he can drink, and filling the minds of young men with a hideous ambition to be brutes, give the hard drinker a few facts.

Tell him that the capacity to drink a great deal simply means a weakened, degenerate heart. It does NOT mean a strong head. Take a young man in normal health with a strong heart and a good supply of blood—his system is at par. If you add a little alcohol you overdrive his heart and flood the brain tissue with alcoholic blood, causing drunkenness. This drunkenness proves physical superiority, not inferiority.

An athlete in perfect condition is made drunk by an extremely small amount of alcohol. The wretched outcast drunkard on the street would take five times as much to stop the shaking of his hands and get himself in condition to beg. That does not mean that the athlete is inferior to the gutter drunkard.

The child fifteen or sixteen years old in the last stages of consumption is sometimes kept alive by the use of alcohol—such a child can absorb without intoxication three times as much as the strongest man.

These facts may convince the man who boasts his capacity that his boast is simply a confession of weakness, of physical decay.

Do what you can to promote the development of a race free from alcoholic poison, its crimes, excesses, miseries and failures.

Interesting Experiences of a Young Man.

(E. Payson Hammond, in 'Christian Work.')

Some years ago, while holding meetings in Allegheny City, a minister there said in one of our meetings that when a boy of nine years of age in New York City, three other boys and he read in a paper a report of one of our meetings in Glasgow in 1861, in which were inserted several letters which had been written to me by boys from eight to twelve years of age. These letters impressed him with his friends so deeply that they were convicted of their sin and brought to Christ. Said he, 'Humanly speaking, I am in the ministry today through the influence of those boys' letters in a New York paper.'

An experience is a looking glass in which others see themselves and are led to repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. If you are not a Christian, dear reader, I pray that the following experience may be the means of leading you to fall on your knees and consecrate yourself to the Lord, so that you may say, 'He has pardoned me.'

'Althought my parents were Christians, and had instructed me in the elements of Christian faith, I began at an early age to doubt the truth of the Sacred Scriptures. For several years my Bible lay almost unused; the writings of Volney, Voltaire and Paine had taken its place. I had never told my mother of the dangerous views that had taken root in my mind; but the keen perception of my young sister, who had learned to love Jesus, found out my secret, and she earnestly prayed to God that he might show me the error of my way and lead me to repentance. Her prayers had little effect upon me while I was in health; but she was striken with disease; the hand of death was crushing the life from her fragile form, and her spirit was poising itself for flight from the earthly tenement. In that hour of anguish she did not forget me, her impenitent brother; she prayed so earnestly for me, and drew so near to Christ in her supplication, that my proud heart was stirred within me. Her last words, whispered in a tone never to be forgotten, were: 'Seek him—seek him.' For thirteen years those words rangs in my ears, calling me from death to life eternal. But I did not heed them. I tried

to banish them in burying myself in the most abstruse studies; I tried to parley with them by promising that I would seek Jesus when I had attained some earthly honor for which I was then striving. I even fixed the month and the day when my heart should be given to God. The time came. Pride said, Live the life of the moralist, and you will be saved; see the foibles of professing Christians; be more cautious than they, and let your religion be known only to yourself and to your God. For months I strove to find comfort in these illusions; but I was sensible, ever, that duty pointed to another course. Influenced by better motives, I went frequently to the prayer meeting fully determined to give myself up to Christ before I returned; but I felt, on hearing Christians talk and pray, that their experience was so different from my own, that I would be acting the part of a hypocrite if I then publicly announced my determination to be a Christian. At other times, on reaching the door of the room in which Christians were praying, instead of going in, I turned away, and rejoined those whose minds were not thus troubled. This was my state of mind when you commenced a series of meetings in the city. I had read of your work in other places; but I said to myself, I will not be moved by this man, though I will go and hear him. I went into one of your children's meetings, saw the influence you seemed to have over the minds of the young, and endeavored to analyze it, attributing it to a strongly magnetic nature and a wonderful knowledge of the laws of mind. The next meeting I found a new element in that power, the love of Jesus in your heart. I began to feel a desire for that same love. I felt that I was one of the vilest of sinners, and that God could justly condemn me to outer darkness forever. I dared not pray and I dared not leave the church without praying. I had said I never would be converted in revival meetings, but you so held up Christ and his great love to us that my heart went out in love for him, and I experienced a change, and found myself possessed of peace and joy which I never knew before. I wish all my friends, yea, every one, would come to Christ, and be as happy in him as I am.

Yours in Jesus,

J. E. B.——.'

You see, my dear readers, what a change came over this young man when he saw his lost condition, and realized his need of salvation through faith in the blood of Jesus. Will you not follow his example, and come to Christ with this prayer upon your lips?

O Lord, help me by thy Holy Spirit to believe in Christ as my Saviour. Lead me to feel, as did this young man, my need of Jesus, and to heed the words, 'Seek him, seek him.' May the prayers of some of my friends now in heaven be answered in my conversion. I thank thee, dear Saviour, for having loved me and given thyself for me, and now I am determined to love thee in return, and give myself to thee. I believe in thee as my Saviour, and the story as told in the Gospels of thy life and suffering and death.

They say He bore the Cross for me,
And suffered in my place,
That I might always happy be,
And ransomed by His grace.

O wondrous love, so great, so vast,
So boundless and so free!
Low at Thy feet my all I cast;
I covet only Thee.

Trembling for Jesus.

(Edmund Thickstun, in Michigan 'Advocate.')

We were running a protracted meeting in a schoolhouse three miles from town right in the busy corn-planting season, and it looked, after a week's work, that we were on the eve of a revival. On the seventh night, as we rode homeward, the president of the Epworth league said: 'We must have a detail to-morrow that will be equal to the occasion. We must be sure of twelve three-minute speeches and twelve warm prayers. How many of you may I depend upon to be there to-morrow night?'

There were a dozen of us, mostly young men, going home from the meeting in the Greenwood band waggon. We had been going in this way to the meeting, but the crowd had changed nearly every night. However, the meeting had now reached a critical point, where it seemed all-important those in close touch with it should not stay at home, so to the president's question all but one answered that he would be present.

At this the secretary was asked to give us the name of the next one on the roll who might be detailed for duty. It was George Mulvaney. Now, George was one of the best young men in Greenwood, but he was so excessively diffident that we had never been able to get much public work from him. His great, awkward-looking hands were wonderfully helpful about a sick-bed; he headed every subscription-list with a breezy, forward rush that seemed to draw everyone into it; his private charities were known to be heavy and numerous, but he just wouldn't 'speak in meetin'.'

The secretary said, after a moment's embarassing pause: 'How would it do to skip George?'

The president thought a while, and replied: 'No; you must detail George. I shall go to him to-morrow and lay the case before him strongly. A dozen words from him will be worth more than all the rest of us can say. His land lies near the schoolhouse, and ten or fifteen of the men who come to the meeting are his tenants. They have the utmost confidence in him.'

The next night, after we had all taken our seats for the trip to the school-house, the president laid off the work, assigning each his place. George was the eleventh one on the list, the president coming last. George said, with a sort of choke: 'I will try to do whatever he would have me do.' The house was packed. Every Epworthian in the detail seemed alive to the situation. The speeches came in quick succession, and they rapidly worked the thoroughly mellow congregation into a receptive state. Mulvaney's time came. The president and leader both glanced encouragingly toward him. He seemed ready to run, and only by an apparently mighty effort did he arise. The room grew still as death. His jaw worked convulsively twice, and then he said: 'My friends, I would like to tell you how much Jesus has done for me, but somehow my mouth won't go off. But if I can't say anything for Jesus, I can at least stand here and tremble a little for him.'

He was actually trembling, so his words were not at all theatrical. Their effect was electrical. A mighty tremor passed through the audience. Strong men sobbed, women cried aloud, and the appearance of things might well be likened to the rush of a torrent down a mountain side. Mulvaney had undoubtedly prepared a speech, but evidently could not remember a word of it, and stood still for at least a half-minute, trembling in every fibre, while the excitement momentarily grew greater. When he sat down the Holy Ghost seemed to fill all the house as with a mighty, rushing wind. More than a score were eagerly asking: 'What shall I do to be saved?' The president tactfully turned it into an inquiry meeting, and the league had all it could do for the next two hours, passing from one to another, pointing them to Christ. In this work George Mulvaney made a full hand, and before the meeting closed he rejoiced many times that he had stood up and trembled for Jesus.

Postal Crusade.

Dear Editor,—A young school girl in India writes to say:

'I am also thankful to the "Post-Office Crusade" for sending me the "Messenger," which I receive very regularly: it generally arrives for Sundays. I do appreciate it very much; a nicer paper I could not ask for, for Sunday reading. Father also enjoys it very much. I would like to know how the Crusade came to know of me. All Eurasian girls in India are able to read English fluently. It is rare to meet one who does not read or write in English. I am sending the names of six of my friends. I should only be too happy to correspond with some Sunday-school girls in Canada, as also will my school friends.'

This young girl is preparing to be a school teacher. The six names she sent have all been taken by a Sunday-school class of young girls in a Presbyterian Church at Montreal Annex. It is to be hoped that these girls will be faithful in sending papers to their Eurasian sisters in far-off India. One distinguished lady in connection with the Church of England said once, in speaking of the Crusade: 'It is doing Imperial duty.'

Mrs. Charles F. Burpee, of Nashwaaksis, N.B., sends $1.00 and stamps to help on the messages of the 'Messenger' in drawing the cords of love tighter between the Dominion of Canada and the Empire of India, two of the brightest jewels in Britain's diadem.

M. EDWARDS-COLE,
112 Irvine avenue,
Westmount, Que.

When Princess Christian was receiving purses at the opening of a bazaar at Brondesbury, a lady carrying a baby appeared on the platform and indicated that the contribution was being conveyed by the infant. The Princess, much to her amusement and that of the spectators, experienced no little difficulty in extracting the purse from the hands of the babe, who clutched it most tenaciously, but finally yielded it without a murmur, and was rewarded with a kiss on the cheek by her Royal Highness.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Johnny-Cake

(Marion Brier, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Sarah Adams stood in the low doorway of the little three-roomed log house, and, shading her eyes from the bright rays of the setting sun with one small, sunburned hand, kept eager watch across the prairie. Presently she caught sight of a stalwart figure striding along beside the yoke of slow-plodding oxen. Her face lighted up, and, catching her sunbonnet off its peg by the door, she tripped down the track that led across the prairie.

The days seemed long and a little lonely alone there in the wee log house, and she almost always watched for Tom at sundown, and went out part way across the field to meet him on his way home from work. Tom had always been her favorite brother; and when, two years before, in the spring of 1855, he had decided to go out into what was then the far West and take up land in the new country, she had at once expressed her determination to accompany him and keep house for him. The home folks tried their best to dissuade her, vividly picturing the hardships and privations she would have to endure as a pioneer in a newly-settled country. But she was not needed at home; and, feeling that Tom did need her, she closed her ears to all their arguments, and resolutely she started out on the journey that carried her many hundred miles to the West, as soon as Tom had located his claim and built the little log house upon it.

The next year had been a trying one. All the crops except the corn had failed; their small supply of vegetables gave out long before spring; money was very scarce, and the nearest market over forty miles away; so there was little but corn in the settlement to eat. Nevertheless, Tom and Sarah had kept up brave hearts and worked on courageously, confident that sooner or later their broad acres would bring them prosperity.

This evening Sarah drew a long breath of relief when at last she fell into step beside Tom.

'Do you know,' she began, excitedly, 'there was a whole half-dozen Indians at the house this afternoon? I was so frightened! I just can't get used to them; I believe I'm more afraid every time that they come. They wanted something to eat, just as they always do, and they didn't like it a bit because I didn't have anything but johnny-cake for them. They poked all around to see if there wasn't something else, and then they made me go down cellar after some more butter for them. O I was so scared! I expected every minute they would slam the trap-door shut, and fasten me down there, and then set fire to the house. I tell you it didn't take me long to get the butter that time. They ate up everything that was cooked in the house. I thought they never would go away. But after the longest time they did go.'

'And you are alive to tell the story?' Tom laughed, good-naturedly. 'Haven't you learned not to be afraid of those old fellows yet, sis?' he went on. 'They won't hurt you. It is a shame that you have to feed the lazy scamps, though; but as long as it's only johnny-cake I don't care very much if they do eat it all up.'

It was Sarah's turn to laugh now. 'Do you suppose we will ever want to eat another slice of johnny-cake or more hulled corn or hominy as long as we live? It doesn't seem to me that I'll ever want to see any again. We've had corn in some shape dished up for breakfast, dinner, and supper till I'm sick of the sight of it.'

'It has got to be pretty monotonous, that's a fact,' Tom assented emphatically. 'I suppose we ought to be thankful that we've got johnny-cake; but I'm afraid it's a blessing that I don't properly appreciate any more.'

The oxen, left to themselves, had gone on to the zigzag rail fence that marked the pasture, and now stood patiently waiting by the bars. So Tom followed them to take off the heavy yoke and turn them into the pasture, while Sarah went on into the tiny kitchen to get supper.

It was all on the table an hour later, when Tom came in. A fresh-baked, golden-brown johnny-cake, fresh butter, thin, crisp slices of fried pork, a little glass pitcher of molasses, and a second johnny-cake sweetened with molasses and called cake. Everything in the little kitchen was spotlessly clean, but someway the supper did not look appetizing to the two who sat down at opposite ends of the table; twenty-one meals each week almost identical with it, varied week after week only by hominy or hulled corn, had somewhat dulled their appetites for the fare.

Sarah laid down her first slice of johnny-cake half-eaten. 'I believe I'd rather starve than eat any more johnny-cake,' she said, making a grimace at the unoffending plate of brown slices.

Tom looked at her quizzically. Presently his face broke into a slow smile. 'I'll tell you what let's do, sis,' he said. 'Let's go visiting. If we can only get one good square meal that isn't johnny-cake, maybe we can come back home and eat corn again for another six months.'

Sarah set down the cup of milk that was serving her for supper, and looked up quickly. 'That would be all right if everybody else wasn't living on johnny-cake, too,' she said; 'but nobody around here has any white flour: the Smiths haven't, or the Wrights, or the Browns, or the Whitcomes, or the Bennetts.' She counted the names off on her fingers, shaking her head at each one.

Tom's face fell. 'Well,' he said, 'johnny-cake it is, then, to the end of the chapter. We'll have to make up our minds to the inevitable, which in this case is spelled johnny-cake.'

Sarah was in a brown study, her eyes fixed absent-mindedly on the plate of johnny-cake. Suddenly her face lighted up, and she clapped her hands together very softly.

'I knew there must be someone!' she exclaimed. 'Don't you remember that the Nelsons got a sack of flour just a little while ago? We'll go there! And we'll go to-morrow. How far is it over to their place, Tom?' she ran on excitedly.

'To Nelson's? It's a good twelve miles. We would have to start early if the oxen got us over there in time for dinner.'

But Sarah was nothing daunted. 'I'd go fifty miles if there was a slice of white bread there,' she insisted. 'Can you get away to-morrow, Tom?' she inquired, anxiously. 'Don't say you can't.'

Tom reflected. 'Why, yes, I guess I can manage a day off all right,' he said at last. 'I don't suppose I ought to, but I'll put in extra time the rest of the week. I don't know but I could work enough harder after eating a slice of white bread to make up for lost time,' he concluded, smiling broadly.

So it was decided. Early the next morning they set out across the prairie in the big lumber-waggon behind the slow-plodding oxen. They were both hilariously happy, and enjoyed the holiday like carefree children.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before they came in sight of the log house where the Nelsons lived. Sarah gave a little sigh of satisfaction.

'O but I am ravenously hungry,' she exclaimed. 'I didn't eat a mouthful of my breakfast this morning, and a twelve-mile ride behind old Ned and Jerry is enough to sharpen any one's appetite.'

Tom laughed. 'I feel sorry for that sack of flour,' he declared. 'It won't recognize itself by the time we leave.'

'I'm sure Jane'll make some biscuits for dinner,' Sarah reflected. 'Just think of it, Tom; white baking-powder biscuits! Doesn't it make your mouth water?'

When they drove up to the door, Mrs. Nelson greeted them with the hearty pleasure that the pioneers in a new country always feel at the sight of a neighbor. She directed Tom to the field where Mr. Nelson was at work, and took Sarah into the neat little sitting-room. 'Oh I'm so glad you came,' she exclaimed heartily. 'It seems the longest time since I have seen anybody. I expect I'll talk you almost to death.'

But in a few moments she excused herself. 'Now I'll leave Annie and Georgie to entertain you while I go and get the dinner,' she said. 'They can take you out to see where my flower-garden is going to be. Everything is coming up as nice as can be.'

So Sarah went with the children to see the flower-beds where the tiny plants were just breaking their way through the dark ground to the sunlight. She stooped over one bed after another, trying to distinguish the different plants. Sarah was passionately fond of flowers, but to-day she was conscious of giving them divided attention. The greater share of her thoughts was in the kitchen, speculating over those white biscuits that she was sure were in process of construction.

She was glad when at last Mrs. Nelson came out and blew the dinner-horn to call the men in from the field. It seemed to Sarah that they were unusually slow in getting to the house, feeding the oxen, and washing for dinner. She made up her mind that if they were half as hungry as she was they would move quicker.

But at last everything was ready, and they proceeded to the kitchen where the dinner-table was set. Sarah gave one look at it, and then almost choked between a hysterical desire to laugh and a desire to cry. There was on the table a platter of thin, crisp slices of fried pork, a great plate of golden johnny-cake, a pat of fresh

butter, a great pitcher of creamy milk, and a pudding made from corn-meal and sweetened with molasses. Sarah and Tom stole a look at each other, when Tom was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing, and nearly strangled over the glass of water that he tried to drink.

'I'm so sorry you didn't come before to-day,' Mrs. Nelson explained when Tom had finally got his breath and they were seated at the table. 'We just finished the last of our white flour yesterday, and we ate the last of the potatoes three weeks ago; so we haven't a thing but pork and johnny-cake to offer you to-day; but I'm so glad to see you I'm not going to make any apologies.'

Tom and Sarah managed to assure her that they knew just how hard it was to get hold of anything but corn that year, and then the conversation drifted away to other subjects.

'It seems to me that you two don't eat much,' Mrs. Nelson remarked anxiously when both Sarah and Tom had refused a second helping of johnny-cake. 'I should think after the ride you took this morning you would be hungry as bears. You surely ought to take something to give you better appetites.'

But both Sarah and Tom disclaimed being sick, and did their best to do justice to the dinner; but they were both glad when it came to an end, for they were each tormented with an insane desire to laugh with every mouthful that they ate. They did not dare glance at each other, for the comedy of their long ride across the prairie behind the ox-team in search of a bit of white bread that turned out to be johnny-cake was almost too much for their gravity.

At four o'clock that afternoon they started for home. When they were fairly out of hearing from the house, Tom leaned back, and laughed and laughed, his hearty 'Haw, haw, haw' rolling out over the prairie for half a mile. Presently he turned and caught a glimpse of Sarah's sober face, and instantly his own became very serious.

'A whole year filled up with nothing but johnny-cake is pretty tough, isn't it, sis?' he said half quizzically, half gently. Sarah made no reply, and after one more look at her doleful face, Tom added remorsefully: 'It's a shame, sis, for you to have to get along the way we do out here. I'll tell you what we'd better do; I'll sell one of the cows, and you take the money and go home for a year. The worst of the hard times ought to be over by that time, and then you must come back and keep house for me again.'

But before he was through his talking Sarah was her own resolute self again. All the discontent had melted away from her face; and the usual brave, determined lines were in evidence again.

'And leave you alone here to make your own johnny-cake, you poor boy!' she exclaimed. 'Well, I guess not. I'm not going to be scared away by johnny-cake, you needn't think, if we have to eat it for two years more. No, sir; we're going to have a fine farm here in a few years. and you needn't think I'm going to lose my share in the glory of it by running away now.'

Sarah's spirits were entirely recovered by that time, and she rattled on merrily all the rest of the way home. The world looked brighter to them both that evening, and they even thought that the johnny-cake for supper tasted pretty good.

The next morning, when Sarah was busy about her work, a knock came at the door; and, when she opened it, there stood Mr. Smith, their nearest neighbor, with a pan carefully tied over with a cloth in his hand. He handed the queer package to Sarah, explaining, 'My brother Jim got back from town last night, and brought us a sack of white flour. And it tasted so good to us after six months of johnny-cake that Mary made me bring a panful over to you this morning. She thought perhaps it would taste good to you, too. Good-by.' He sprang on his horse, and was gone before Sarah had time to thank him.

She took the cloth off the pan, and looked at the fine white flour with shining eyes. 'Won't Tom open his eyes, though, when I set a pan of white biscuits on the table for dinner?' she thought, laughing gleefully to herself. Then her face took on a look of sweet gravity. 'I almost thought that God had forgotten us so far out here away from churches and everything,' her thoughts ran on; 'but now I know that he hasn't. If he remembered to send us this flour just because we wanted it so badly, I guess he is sure not to forget us.'

How Mr. Sturgeon Took Criticism.

'While I was preaching at the Music-hall,' says C. H. Spurgeon, in the new volume of his 'Autobiography,' 'an unknown censor of great ability used to send me a weekly list of my mispronunciations and other slips of speech.

'He never signed his name, and that was the only cause of complaint against him, for he left me with a debt which I could not discharge. With genial temper, and an evident desire to benefit me, he marked down most relentlessly everything which he supposed me to have said incorrectly. Concerning some of his criticisms h- was himself in error, but for the most part he was right, and his remarks enabled me to perceive many mistakes, and to avoid them in future.

'I looked for his weekly memoranda with much interest, and I trust I am all the better for them. If I repeated a sentence which I had used two or three Sundays before, he would write, "See the same expression in such and such a sermon," mentioning the number and page. He marked, on one occasion, that I too often had quoted the line,

"Nothing in my hand I bring,"

and he added, "We are sufficiently informed of the vacuity of your hand."'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

Thirty Thousand Dollars for Conscience Sake.

Major Taylor is not simply the world's champion cyclist, who has so far been able to keep his 'wheel' ahead of every other great sprinter who has entered the lists against him in America and Europe; but more than that, he has not been ashamed to fly his colors and his principles on his front wheel. Every racing cyclist in the two hemispheres knows that Major Taylor is a Christian, and that he does not ride on Sundays under any circumstances.

A lithe little fellow; black as ebony; every ounce on his muscle; and a face which beams with kindness and intelligence. That is Major Taylor. He has come to Australia under a contract to ride in sixteen races for the sum of £1,500.

The chief interest of Major Taylor's visit, however, is from the Christian standpoint. For years this man of deep and strong convictions has been preaching to the sporting world a silent but eloquent sermon of example. From the moment he became a professional cyclist he set his face sturdily against Sunday racing and Sunday riding, and has sacrificed thousands of pounds rather than be false to convictions.

In an interesting chat with the champion, he explained his position on this vital question of Sabbath observance. He is a most unassuming man, and so modest that almost every word had to be coaxed from him.

'Why don't I race on Sunday? For the same reason that you don't conduct races in this country on Sunday, I presume—for religious reasons. There is no question about what you say, that cycling has been responsible for a good deal of Sabbath desecration.

'I have always taken this stand. My people were very religious people. I was brought up a Puritan and I've always tried to live up to it.

'I was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, and am twenty-four years of age. I have been racing more or less for the past eleven years, and won my first race when thirteen years old on the old high wheel. I rode well as an amateur, and did very well; but I did not ride professionally until the spring of '97.

'My people were Baptists. Yes, sir, I am a Baptist, and of course you know we are more strict than some, who do not seem to mind Sunday cycling, or dancing and theatregoing. Baptist discipline is very rigid in many respects—at least some people do consider it so. We only regard it as the right thing.

'Yes; I have been a member of the John Street Baptist Church, Worcester, since 1898. The Rev. Hiram Conway is the minister. Yes, sir, it is a "colored" church.

'Coming over in the boat from San Francisco there was a Catholic priest on board. We had several little talks together. One day he asked me what church or denomination I belonged to. "Well, sir," I said, "I guess I'm a Baptist." "Oh, well," he remarked, "I think you've got a chance." "Yes, sir," I said, "I think I have got a chance, and a very good chance, too."

'My father is still living, along with several of my brothers and sisters. My parents were poor. They used to live in the country on a farm, and of course, you know, all we had was just what we need-

ed, and only such comforts as farm life affords.

'Yes, sir; I am glad to say that I am a Christian, and it doesn't make any difference who knows it. I don't make a secret of it, though I don't go round sounding a trumpet. I am answering all your questions; but I don't wish to convey to you that I am any more than I really am: I have simply tried to live as a Christian should live.

'I attribute most of my success entirely to the fact that I have tried to do what was right—live fairly and squarely by every man—and any man who follows out those principles is bound to succeed. The fact that I am brought among worldly people all the time—people who are inclined to be the other way—makes the fact stand out, perhaps. But I hope I have not conveyed any impression that I think myself better than anybody else.

'Yes; this stand on the Sunday question has meant a good deal to me; but I have the satisfaction of believing, and the extreme pleasure in feeling that I am right, and I know that many Christian people have been pleased with my testimony. But I didn't do it for the good-will of the people. I have done it because I believed it to be pleasing in the sight of God, and felt that I was doing right. If my action has met with the approval of Christian people, and seemed in any way praiseworthy, well and good.

'After all I believe in doing the right thing, and I don't mind if some people consider I am wrong. That doesn't concern me. I must say I have been honest and firm, and have not jumped at this in any off-hand way.

'There are no Sunday sports in America. It is the same in that respect as Australia. It was in Europe that I refused to race. Have I reckoned how much I have lost by not racing on Sunday? Oh, about 30,000 dollars. I think I can safely say that. Where I have realized 10,000 dollars by mid-week racing, I might have made it 30,000 by racing on Sunday.

'I declined to ride on Sunday before I became a Christian.'

'I suppose that was your early training? Your training saved you until you were saved yourself?'

'Yes, sir; that's it precisely.

'All sorts of people have come to me—learned, clever men—and have tried to argue with me that riding on Sunday is not wrong. But it was of no use. I listened respectfully to what they had to say; but when a man fears God he has no other fear, and fears nobody else.

'Then they would come and say, "But you know you can't always go on like this. You can't always be at the top. This racing can't last. In the natural order of things it must come to an end. Then what are you going to do? You have no profession to fall back on. You ought to make all the money you can now."

'And I have always said, "I'm not living for one day or two. I am going to live on and on—I am living for the eternal, and to a man who knows he is living for the eternal, and will one day face the Supreme Being, a day or two now isn't of much consequence. God has always taken care of me and I believe he always will. I would rather have just a little money, with Christ and the knowledge that I am doing right, than a big heap of money without either.

'There are people who don't know what it is to feel here (placing his hand over his heart) that they are doing what is right; but the man who does know would not be without it.

'Sometimes they say to me, "Major, how do you manage to get along as you do? You never work in with any other rider on the track; you never seem to have a friend, and yet you win your races and never have an accident."

'"Oh, yes, sir," I reply, "I always have a Friend with me, a Friend who looks after me; and it's quite true I have never had an accident. But, you see, we are not looking at the same things, or in the same way. You look this way (pointing to the left with his thumb), and I look that way (pointing to the right)."

'The first temptation I had to ride on Sundays was the greatest temptation of my life. I was 1,500 dollars in debt, and had to mortgage my little home in Worcester. Then there was trouble in the League. Some of the riders left the League. I and some others stood by the League. Unfortunately the other fellows came out on top, and to penalize me, though I had done nothing, they made me pay 500 dollars before I could ride again.

'Well, I hadn't got the money. Just then came the agent over from Europe and offered me a big contract, but as it meant Sunday racing I declined. Then I went to one of our bicycle firms and told the manager about the fine, and he said, "If you'll ride our wheel I will pay the fine." I said, "All right," and he gave me a cheque for the 500 dollars. Then I started in, and do you know I won every race that season, and when the fall came I had paid off every dollar of the $1500 I owed, and had 1,000 dollars to my credit in the bank. I tell you, sir (and the champion's face all beamed with the joy that he could not conceal) it's all right. Sunday riding has been no temptation to me since.

'I can tell you a story, to illustrate this Sunday question, about the proprietor in the great Corliss engine works of America. He is a builder of locomotives. At the Philadelphia Exposition he had on exhibition an enormous stationary steam engine which was used to drive the machinery all round the grounds. When the time came to open the Exposition, some wanted it to remain open seven days a week, while others objected. Finally it was decided to keep open on Sundays, for the convenience, as it was said, of the workingmen, who hadn't the opportunity during the week. Then Mr. Corliss went to the directors, and said, "Gentlemen, if you permit the Exposition to be opened on Sundays, I shall take down all my machinery, which has cost me hundreds of thousands of dollars to erect." The display he had was of such significance to the Exposition that they could not afford to defy him, so they decided to close on Sundays.

'Yes, I always keep in condition. My methods of training? Well, light exercise daily. I have had one great advantage in keeping in condition, which anybody knows who has followed my example. I have never used or tasted any liquors in my life, and I have never smoked or used tobacco in any way. Abstinence from all these are the two most important factors you can name in training.

'A man comes to me and says, "Have a glass of beer? Have a glass of wine? Have a cigar? I decline, and I don't feel anything. I don't miss them, because I have never been used to them." '—'The Baptist.'

The Cruelty of Carelessness.

A vast amount of unhappiness is caused by simple thoughtlessness. There are people who never stop to consider what the consequences of any action may be. An idea occurs to them, and straightway they act on it without thinking if it may cause inconvenience or distress to others. If they use an article which is common household property, they do not return it to its proper place, and others must spend much time and patience in looking it up. They are often late at meals and irregular in keeping appointments, and generally not to be depended on. They are full of apologies and seen sincerely sorry, but it never occurs to them to think carefully beforehand so as to be on time for engagements, or to avoid doing that which will cause trouble to others. They mean well, but seldom do well; and their carelessness is more trying to the patience than positively evil intentions. Pure malevolence can be guarded against, but from good-natured heedlessness there is no escape. One or two persons of that character will keep a whole household in hot water a large part of the time, and wear out the energy and vitality of those responsible for the smooth running of the household affairs more than all the burden of their necessary duties. It is difficult to resent the conduct of these irresponsible persons, but their treatment of those with whom they come in contact has the same effect as intentional cruelty. Their excuses do not remedy the wrong, but more consideration for the comfort and convenience of others would make them more agreeable members of society and add greatly to the health and happiness of their friends.—'The Watchman.'

Thy Will.

Shut in Thy will, O God! My will
Laid at Thy feet, henceforth to be
Blended with Thine, until some day
When Thou shalt give it back to me
So changed, so one with Thine,
'Twill be no longer mine!

Through tears I look to Thee, and ask
That thou wilt make Thy will to me
So precious, so exceedingly dear,
That I shall crave, O God, of Thee
That Thou in me fulfil
Thy glorious, blessed will!

I know not what the years may bring,
But this I know—that in Thy plan
For me are joys I had not dreamed!
And so, with tearless eyes, and hand
Close clasped in Thine, I pray—
Take Thou my will to-day!

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Jack in the Hospital.

A TRUE STORY.

(Grace Maynard Buck, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It was Sunday night. The lights burned low in the men's ward. The room was very quiet. Only one nurse noiselessly stepped from cot to cot, here smoothing a hot pillow, there adjusting a tight bandage, and everywhere smiling encouragement and hope into roughened and weary faces. She paused beside Jack's cot. The nurses always did, for this big gentle boy had won the good will and affection of everyone in the hospital by his cheery manner and ready smile, just as he had in his busy life at the factory before the accident.

'Please turn the light up a little,' said Jack, and as the nurse left, he reached over to the little table beside his bed, and took up a Bible, a present which his Sunday-school teacher had sent him that day. Yes, Jack was a 'Sunday-school boy,' perhaps not an ideal one, certainly not the pious kind we read about in old-fashioned stories. If it must be told, Jack was one of the most troublesome boys in his class. Such constant 'talking out loud,' such lounging positions, such a wealth of distracting objects as he was always producing from his pockets!

But often his teacher had met a deep, serious look in his honest eyes when she was speaking most earnestly, and, after all, is it not partly the teacher's fault, if a lively growing boy, full of fun to his finger tips, finds it hard to keep quiet in Sunday-school?

To be sure Jack had a Bible at home, at least there were several in the house, he thought, but none small enough for him to carry in his pocket. So, although his teacher had often urged him to bring one to Sunday-school, he had never quite reached the point of daring to walk through the streets with a Bible under his arm. If you had asked Jack if he ever read the Bible, he would have told you that he never had time. But now there was plenty of time.

After his knee had been caught in that whirling machinery, and Jack had been carried to this new, strange place, the hours had dragged heavily enough at first, but after a few weeks the pain had ceased, and then there was much to interest one. Some of the men had exciting stories to tell of travel and adventure in other countries, and the nurses were 'all right,' and it was great fun to 'jolly' them. They had brought him some well-worn novels that had been left in the hospital and Jack had been surprised to find them interesting. He had always had a natural aversion to literature before. And now here was this little leather, gilt-edged book, with its soft, pliable covers. Within was a note, and a list of chapters and verses which Jack began to search for.

'What you reading, Jacky?' The Italian who had had two fingers amputated that day was eyeing him, but not with amusement, Jack saw, so answered gravely, 'the Bible.'

He expected that some out of the dozen who heard would joke at his expense. Little did he realize how much these rough men had been softened by the experiences through which they were passing. The quiet administration of the nurses, and the presence of this bright innocent boy among them, were not the least of these softening influences.

All were silent for a moment, then, 'Say, read to us, will you, Jacky?' some one said, and Jack read: 'Oh, God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee. My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land where no water is. To see thy power and thy glory, as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live. I will lift up my hands in thy name. My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips. When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate upon thee in the night watches. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. . . . .'

Jack was reading to men of many countries and many faiths. A Roman Catholic priest, several Jews, an infidel, were all in his audience that night, and the next night, when, at the same hour, some one said, 'Jack, it's time for your Bible class,' many eyes were turned expectantly toward him.

Every evening after this, in his boyish, stumbling style, he read to them words of loving assurance and comfort, and the men learned to look forward to this hour as the brightest, and yet the most quieting of those hours of pain and waiting.

One night Jack fell asleep before the usual time for reading, and did not awaken till far into the night. It was an evening of real disappointment. The men would not sleep until they were sure there was no chance of Jack's reading that night, and when, at midnight, he awoke he begged the nurses never again to let him sleep through the hour for his 'Bible Class.'

One visitors' day, there was quite a little reception in the ward. The room was very quiet, as always, but groups of their friends gathered around many of the patients, and bright flowers bloomed beside their cots. Here and there a lonely man would ask to have his screen moved, that he might watch the others meet and greet their dear ones. Jack's teacher called on that day. She had heard about the 'Bible class,' and her heart was full as she looked down the row of cots and thought of that evening hour when Jack read to the men. He asked her for another list of verses and chapters, and said, 'Please send them as soon as possible.'

The next time she called, Jack was up and helping the nurses. That was the time he told her about the little boy whom he had helped to take care of and how the little boy had died, clinging to his big, strong hand. 'Say, I read the Bible to him, too,' said Jack, in a voice not quite as steady as usual.

Jack wrote several letters to his teacher while he was in the hospital, and in the last one, he said, 'I am sorry you were not able to come and see me this week, but next Sunday I expect to go and see you and the boys in Sunday-school.' And the next Sunday he limped stiffly to his old place beside his teacher, a little thinner and paler, very much taller and quieter. The same Jack? Not quite.

Experience is a great teacher, and in the school of experience he had learned lessons of patience, sympathy and self-control. He had also entered into the sorrows of others and although his love of fun was as strong as ever, life was more serious, more earnest, and death was more real to him. No, he was not quite the same Jack.

Three Conundrums.

(Elizabeth Preston Allan, in 'Morning Star.')

'Mother, look out of the window and see if Rodman is coming.'

'Not yet, Blake,' answered the mother; 'but he said ten o'clock, and it is not ten, by twelve minutes. You must have something very important to say to him to-day.'

'We have a fine game on hand,' answered Blake, grinning in pleased anticipation.

'Not a rough game, I hope,' said Mrs. Martin, anxiously, looking across at her boy on the couch. Blake had been laid up for weeks with a badly sprained ankle, and it took a world of patience watching to keep him as still as the doctor meant him to be.

'No, not rough,' answered Blake, looking ruefully at his bandaged ankle, and thinking how good it would feel to play rough games once more; 'but it's jolly, mother, for all that. We each are to hunt up, or make up, a new conundrum for every day, and the one who guesses the most by the end of the week wins the game.'

'What is your conundrum to-day?' asked Mrs. Martin.

'It's one I found on a scrap of old newspaper: "What is that thing which you can't get until it is taken from you?" Can you guess it, mother?'

'I don't believe I can,' she answered, after considering a while; 'but I can ask one very much like it. But here comes Rodman; so my conundrum will keep. Take care, son; don't pitch yourself about so much.'

'Hello, Rod!' cried the boy on the couch; 'what's yours? Mine's great, but you have first go.'

'This is mine,' said Rodman: '"What is it that you must give before you can keep?"'

'Well, upon my word!' cried Blake.

'How strange!' exclaimed his mother.

'What's the matter? Do you know the answer?' Rodman asked. He looked disappointed.

'No, not that; but yours sounds so much like mine that it makes my head swim. Here's my conundrum: "What is it that you can't get until it is taken from you?" Doesn't that sound like the twin of yours?'

Rodman whistled. 'It's first cousin to mine, anyhow,' he said.

The two boys exchanged slips of paper on which their conundrums were written, and set their wits to work. Such frowning, such screwing up of lips, such wrinkling of foreheads you never saw. But all in vain. They each had guessed much harder ones, but somehow the very similarity of the two confused the boys' minds.

'When you are ready to give up,' said Blake's mother, 'please give me a try;' and she went down to the kitchen to make a pudding for dinner.

Soon Rodman followed to beg her to

come up and see if she could answer their puzzles.

'I'll be up in fifteen or twenty minutes, Rod,' she said. 'Meantime try my conundrum while you wait: "What is it that one must lose before he can keep?" '

'Worse and worse!' cried the boy. 'We'll never get these three untangled.'

But when Mrs. Martin had put off her kitchen apron and put on her thimble again, she announced her readiness to have the conundrums submitted to her. Rodman read his out in a tone of triumph, not expecting Blake's mother to succeed when Blake, the champion guesser, had failed. ' "What is it that you must give before you can keep"?'

'Your word, I think,' said the lady, smiling. 'At least, I know when you give your word you are expected to keep it.'

'Why, of course!' cried Blake. 'What a goose I was not to see that! Now try mine, mother. "What is that which you cannot get until it is taken from you?"

Rodman's eyes glowed with eagerness. 'It took me a good while to guess that,' said Mrs. Martin. 'I was about to give it up, when it suddenly occurred to me that a photograph had to be "taken from you" before you could get it.'

Both boys shouted with glee. 'Now it only remains for you to guess your own, mother,' said Blake. 'We couldn't.'

'Ah,' said Mrs. Martin, 'I hoped you would; for mine came from the Bible. Don't you remember that our Lord says, "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it"?'

'But all Christians don't die at the stake,' objected Rodman.

'No, boys; but all true Christians must lose their own sinful lives before they can have the eternal life, which is the gift of God through faith in his Son. This is the blessed conundrum which I want you to spend your lives trying to understand.'

Sea Lions in California.

(S. U. Holder, in the New York 'Observer.')

No tourist or stranger in San Francisco would think of leaving the city without having seen the far-famed Seal Rocks; in fact they are generally the first among the local attractions visited, and one is quite certain of finding as many native as foreign enthusiasts watching and enjoying the movements of the sea lions and their surroundings, especially if the day be a holiday, when crowds of San Franciscans gather at the Cliff House, which is built on the bluff directly opposite the rocks, or on the sands below.

These rocks, which are situated at Point Lobos, the southern portion of the Golden Gate, and entrance to the harbor, about seven miles from the business centre of San Francisco, are but one hundred or so yards from the shore, so that even without a glass one can plainly distinguish the curious inhabitants of this cluster of isolated crags.

How long the sea lions have occupied this locality is not known, but there is a legend that the early discoverers of upper California heard their barking when a long distance from land, and fearing they were approaching a rocky shore, would not venture further in until the fog had lifted. In former times there were thousands of these animals upon these rocks, which were being so rapidly depleted in numbers that a few years ago the State appealed to Government for their protection, and now a heavy fine is imposed upon anyone destroying or capturing a sea lion. At certain seasons the colony consists of six or seven hundred individuals, of all sizes and ages, from the soft-furred, year-old baby to the rough-coated old patriarch weighing nearly or quite fifteen hundred pounds, and generally two or three hundred may be seen during the greater portion of the day.

Nearly all the large males, the old residents of the rocks, have received the names of prominent Americans, and never apparently lose their identity with the proprietors or employees of the Cliff House, notwithstanding their yearly migration to the Farallone Islands. Among them one sees Brigham Young and his numerous wives, General Sherman and other favorite generals of our Civil War, Grover Cleveland, a new comer of goodly proportions, and Ben Butler, the apparent king of the rookery, named by Horace Greeley, when on a visit to this coast thirty or more years ago, who commands the attention of not only his island subjects, but the observers on shore.

At first glance, and from the unfamiliar and discordant sounds, heard above the roar of the surf long before one reaches the beach, the visitor immediately assumes that this is a very quarrelsome and ferocious community before him; but such is not the case, and although occasionally some great burly fellow who covets the highest point of the crags, or the sunniest nook for a sun-bath, thinking it his by right of size, has a slight altercation with the weaker usurper, perhaps removing the latter by pushing him off into the water. On the whole they are, notwithstanding their incessant 'fusing' and growling and grunting, not unpeaceable citizens, and their actual contests of infrequent occurrence, except during the breeding season, when they are very savage and in constant warfare with each other. Late in May or the first of June, the greater number of the herds disappear, migrating to the Farallones, some thirty miles out to sea, where vast quantities of sea lions from various portions of the California coast, congregate on these barren islands, and remain until the young are born and old enough to undertake the long sea trip. There is only one instance known of a baby seal having been born on Seal Rocks.

The young cubs are fractious little creatures, and at first are inclined to be very timid and averse to entering their native element, but after much coaxing and teaching, and perhaps some little scolding on the part of both parents, they learn to frolic and dive in the breakers, and enjoy their games of 'tag' and 'leap frog' as much as the older ones.

Several years ago a baby seal was captured and taken to the Cliff House, where it was left for some time, becoming so tame and attached to its owner, that it followed him about constantly, proving very tractable, and soon learning to perform various tricks for the entertainment of visitors.

Perhaps it would be safe to say that nearly all the sea lions that have been seen in various menageries and zoological gardens in this country and Europe, came originally from the California coast and its islands, there being various favorite localities for these animals between San Francisco and San Diego, and even below in Lower California.

In former days the sea lion of the California coast was hunted for its oil and skin, vast numbers falling victims to the seal hunters, but at present it has little value outside the Alaskan coast and its islands and various Northern localities where it is highly prized. The flesh is greatly esteemed by the natives, large quantities of it being dried for winter consumption. The skin after being prepared, serves as a covering for canoes and other boats; the blubber is used for light and fuel, the intestines, dressed and sewed together, are converted into 'oilskins' for the fisherman; the legs of boots and shoes are made from the lining of the throat after being tanned, the soles of the same coming from the fin-like feet; in fact, almost every part of the sea lion is used except the skeleton.

When in the water the movements of the sea lions are exceeding rapid and graceful, particularly when excited, but on the shore they are very awkward, dragging themselves over the rocks with apparent effort, though even the most cumbersome not hesitating to scale the loftiest pinnacle from which they look around their island home as if indeed monarch of all they survey. If the day be very bright and warm, the rocks present the appearance of the sleeping village, the animals lying singly, in groups, crowded together and upon each, basking contentedly in the very warm rays of the sun, but when the wind is fresh, the sun obscured by heavy banks of fog and the waves come rolling in to break fiercely over the rocky barrier, the observer sees a very animated mass of gigantic, snail-like forms, crawling, squirming and tumbling over the rocks, apparently seeking the most sheltered and the warmest nook. It is a sight the crowd of observers never seem to tire of, and not until the wind has grown too cold, or the hour late, do they turn their faces cityward.

African Children Memorizing Scripture.

While children in the home lands are learning less of the Bible than a former generation did, those in heathen lands are showing great love for the word. A missionary in South Africa refers to the interest taken by Kaffir children—even those whose parents remain heathen—in reading and committing to memory portions of the New Testament. 'I lately heard the seventh chapter of Revelation repeated word for word, the children taking different parts, and answering one another—all of them children of heathen parents. One can hardly over-estimate the good these Testaments will do in their homes.'

Autumn Offers.

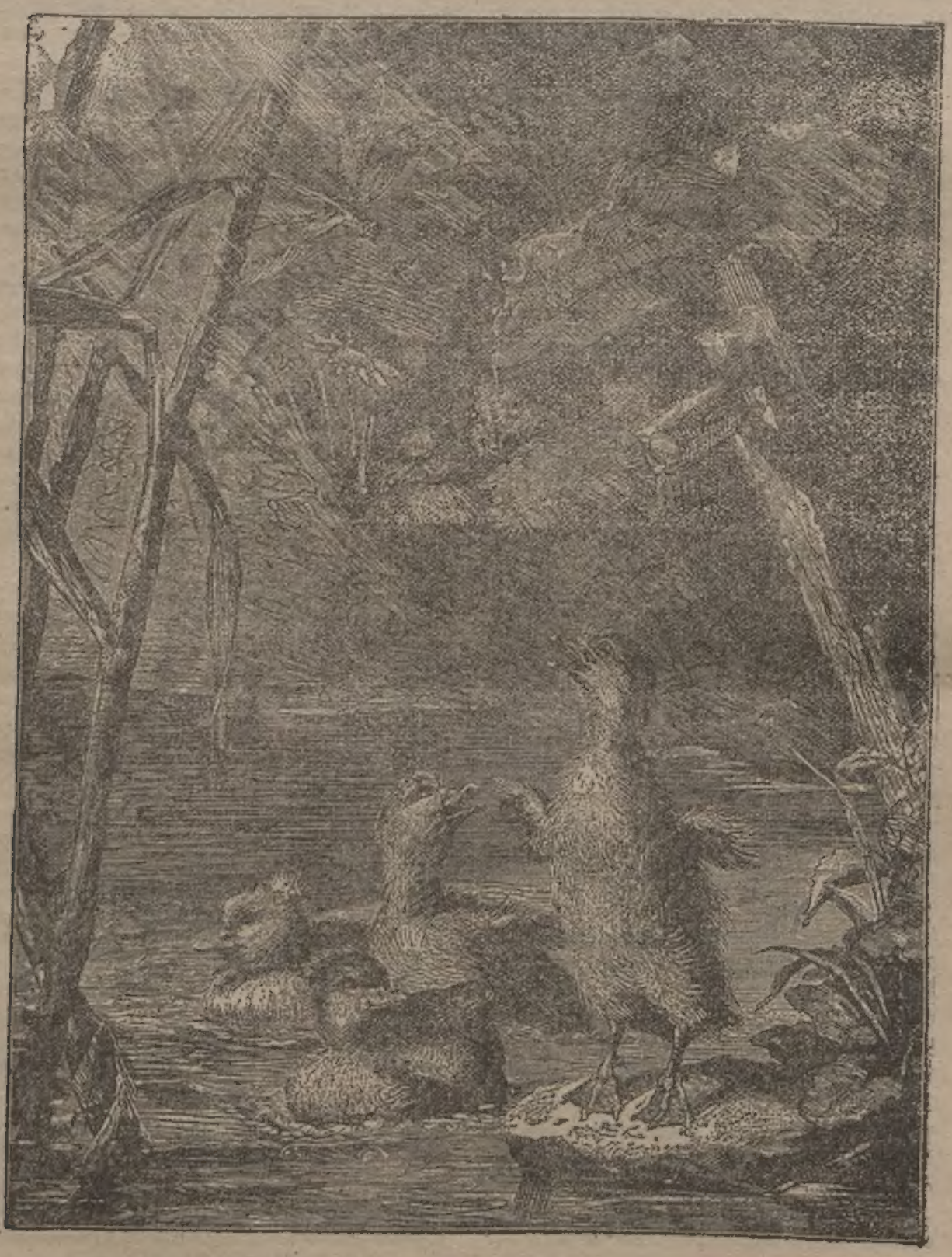
See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.

Not one man in a thousand dies a natural death, and most diseases have their rise in intemperance.—Lord Bacon.

The Disobedient Duckling.

'Oh, mother, mother!' cried Downy, 'look at that lovely dragon-fly, all the colours of the rainbow in his beautiful wings! Do come quick and catch it for me!'

'Don't be foolish!' said his mother, who was comfortably seated on the nest in the bank, and did not mean to disturb herself to please



AH, I'LL SOON HAVE YOU, CRIED DOWNY.

Master Downy. 'A nice juicy worm from the bottom of the brook is far nicer and more satisfying than that showy thing, decked out in all his finery.'

At that moment the guazy-winged fly came just over the heads of the ducklings, and Downy sprang on to a stone, and fluttered his ridiculous bits of wings in great excitement.

But the dragon-fly knew better than to come within the duckling's reach, and with a flash of his jeweled wings took refuge in the tall rushes.

'Ah, I'll soon have you!' cried Downy as he clambered up the bank.

But Gauzy-wings sailed off in the sunlight without even a word. Downy chased him along the bank, and across the corner of the field, meeting with many mishaps in his headlong career. To crown his misfortunes the farmer's dog caught sight of him, and, with a loud bark, started in pursuit.

Poor Downy was now in a terrible fright. He ran as fast as he could to where the tall rushes grew by the brookside, and stumbled down the bank into the water. It was a sad little quack that told his mother, as plainly as words could do, that he was sorry he ran away from home, and would never do so any more.—'Child's Companion.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Noises in the Night.

(By Allen French, in 'Youth's Companion').

The creaking in our rooms at night
  is only just the noise
The flooring makes discussing if we
  little girls and boys
Are sleeping well and cozily, or if
  our dear mamma
Had best be roused up from her
  bed, to see just how we are.

The rustlings in the wall we hear
  are whispers of the news
That Up-stairs tells to Down-stairs
  when Down-stairs has the 'blues.'
For below it's very lonesome when
  we're all up here in bed,
So Up-stairs tells to Down-stairs
  everything we last have said.

The squeaking in the hallway and
  the creaking on the stair
Are just the timbers trying to be
  very silent there.
You know how 'tis yourself when
  you are anxious to be good;
You're always making noises that
  you never meant you should.

Thus the dear old house is waiting
  all through the quiet night,
And watching for the dawn to show
  our faces fresh and bright.
So if we hear a single sound it only
  goes to prove
That we are guarded close by things
  that hold us in their love.

Elsie's Puppies.

A True Story of the North Woods.

(By Alice W. Clark, in 'Advocate and Guardian.')

Elsie Danvers was a little golden-haired girl of six, when she went with her family to camp out for a few weeks on one of the beautiful Adirondack lakes.

It was all new to them, this life in the forest, where the cooking is done over an open fire, and where one rolls up in a blanket at night, to sleep on the softest of balsam mattresses.

The little camp was situated on a point between two small bays. Around it great hemlocks and pines rose to a height of ninety feet, and a fringe of silver birches on the shore completely screened the camp from view.

One morning Elsie went, as usual, down to the shore to fish for minnows. It was such fun to watch them darting to and fro in the sunshine; but, alas, they wouldn't bite! So after a while she laid down her line, and seeing a pretty path, decided to take a little walk in the woods.

On and on she went, gathering ferns and bright berries, till, all at once, she thought she saw in the distance two small black puppies, frolicking around a great spruce tree.

'Oh, the dear little things,' she cried, as she ran toward them; 'what fun we will have!'

Not long before Elsie started out on her walk, Jim Keene, a lad of nineteen, had gone out in very much the same direction. He was employed to help around camp, and this morning went to pick up dry wood for the fire.

He had gathered quite a pile, and was just starting to take it back to camp when he heard the sound of a child's voice, not ten yards away.

'Oh, you naughty doggie,' it said, and then followed a little squeak, which Jim recognized to be that of a young cub in distress.

A low growl rang through the forest.

Dropping his load all but one stout stick, Jim rushed to the scene, picked up Elsie with his left hand, and just as the angry old mother bear was about to spring, he gave her a swift, hard blow on the nose. She rose in the air once, then fell backward, stunned, while Jim gave her blow after blow, until she rolled over and breathed her last.

Then he walked back to camp, carrying in his strong arms the bewildered Elsie, who had not once let go of her two black 'puppies.'

'Jim,' the child asked, 'what made you beat that nice big doggie so hard?'

Right Side Out.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

'Jack, I want you to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out.'

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

'I mean it, Jack,' she repeated. Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and trousers and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him there he stood—a forlorn, funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravellings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said:

'This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?'

'No, mamma,' answered Jack, shamefacedly. 'Can't I turn them right?'

'Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out.'

Real Courage.

A little boy was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said:— 'Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in every time.'

"I daren't," said Jim. 'I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me I musn't."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," replied Jim rather softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead,' said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail our boats, and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid; you know I'm not; only she did not want me to, and I can't do it."

Did he not show far greater courage than if he had waded into the water in order not to appear a coward?—'League Journal.'

When I Was a Boy.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy!—
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide-and-seek.
With the dimples on each sun-browned cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, O, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call.
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day,
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy—a little boy!
—Eugene Field.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send eight new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' for remainder of 1903 at ten cents each, or four new subscriptions at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON IV.—OCT. 25.

David's Joy Over Forgiveness

Psalm xxxii.

Golden Text.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Ps. xxxii., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 19.—Ps. xxxii., 1-11.
Tuesday, Oct. 20.—Rom. iv., 1-12.
Wednesday, Oct. 21.—Rom. v., 8-21.
Thursday, Oct. 22.—Ps. lxxxvi., 1-13.
Friday, Oct. 23.—Ezek. xxxvi., 22-31.
Saturday, Oct. 24.—Ps. ciii., 1-14.
Sunday, Oct. 25.—Luke xv., 1-10.

1. Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.
2. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.
3. When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.
4. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.
5. I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine inquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.
6. For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.
7. Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.
8. I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.
9. Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.
10. Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.
11. Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

(B. B. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

In the last lesson, Psalm li., we had David's confession of sin, his plea for pardon, and the possibilities of the new life that would come to the forgiven and restored soul. In the present lesson we have the joy of David over forgiveness, Psalm xxxii. The order in which these psalms appear in the Scriptures does not necessarily denote the order of events in David's life, to which the psalms refer.

David, indeed, suffered sorrow and humiliation for his sin in the events which followed it, but so far as his relations to God were concerned, he and his Heavenly Father had become reconciled, and David's joy is expressed in this Psalm.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 1, 2. 'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,' etc. In these two verses we have three expressions for evil and three for its forgiveness. The idea of the blessedness that follows forgiveness of sin is emphasized. Blessing means divine favor. Therefore God favors the forgiven man, his love is especially manifested toward him. No wonder David exults, for he has something to rejoice over; from the position of a lost sinner, he comes to that of a soul pardoned and restored to peace with God.

3, 4. 'When I kept silence,' etc. Here, in a few words, is a vivid description of the unrest of the guilty soul. When David kept silence, when he refused or put off the confession of sin, there was no peace. A bad conscience is a terrible companion. Being silent toward God in refusing to confess, David's 'bones waxed old' through his 'roaring,' his soul's unceasing cry of agony.

What caused this? 'Thy hand was heavy upon me.' There was no rest from the God David had wronged. Like a wise earthly parent God would not allow the wrongdoing of his child to be covered over and forgotten, out of a sentimental notion of love or mercy, but he persisted in keeping it fresh in David's mind until he should yield, acknowledge his transgressions and seek pardon.

Only the rebellious, unforgiven soul complains of God's anger and punishment, and longs for peace, for the contrite, submissive heart, is soon restored to the joy of salvation.

5. 'I acknowledged my sin,' etc. Here we have the turning point. How was this deep-dyed sinner to have peace? By works? 'Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight.' Romans iii., 20. 'For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast.' Ephesians ii., 8, 9. David himself shows the hopelessness of man's attempt to justify himself, when he says, Psalm cxliii., 2, 'For in thy sight shall no living man be justified.'

So David opens his heart to God, and makes no attempt to hide his iniquity. Then what follows as the very next step after he had reached this decision to confess his transgressions? 'And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.' Salvation through Christ is not a complicated but very simple matter, though we, by our learned discussions, may cast a haze about it. But seen in the light of God's Word, one has but to confess and look to Christ, as the suffering Israelites had but to turn their eyes upon the brazen serpent to become healed.

6, 7. 'For this shall everyone that is godly pray unto thee,' etc. On account of God's loving mercy and forgiveness, which David has just proved, men should pray to God. As the Revised puts it, 'For this let everyone that is godly,' etc. 'In a time when,' etc,' that is not to tax God's patience to the point where he will no longer strive with man.

'Surely in the floods of great waters,' etc. The man who is thus forgiven has nothing to fear. The wrath of God may overtake those who have disregarded him, as the flood overwhelmed all but Noah and his little company in the ark, but the waters shall not reach the forgiven man who is right with God. So in verse 7 God is referred to as the hiding place of the soul, and the one who should compass it with songs of deliverance.

8, 9. 'I will instruct thee and teach thee,' etc. David has been expressing his reliance upon God, and God now confirms and encourages such faith by promising to instruct and to guide.

'Be not as the horse, or as the mule,' etc. Do not live in the attitude of unreasoning animals that must be controlled by bit and bridle, but be open to instruction and guidance that you may freely do what is right, without compulsion.

10, 11. The last two verses are a contrasting of the condition of the godly and the wicked, and they show the exultation and joy of the upright in heart. The man who persists, in his obstinate blindness, to remain unforgiven has no part in this triumphant shout.

Next week the lesson is 'David and Absalom,' II. Samuel xv., 1-12.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Oct. 25.—Topic—What the Bible teaches about giving. III Cor. ix., 6-11; viii., 23, 24.

Junior C. E. Topic.

INTEMPERANCE.

Monday, Oct. 19.—Makes poverty. Prov. xxxiii., 21.

Tuesday, Oct, 20.—Makes woe. Isa. xxxviii., 1.

Wednesday, Oct. 21.—Makes us careless. Luke xxi., 34.

Thursday, Oct. 22.—Makes us forget God. Isa. v., 11, 12.

Friday, Oct. 23.—Sets a bad example. Rom. xiv., 21.

Saturday, Oct. 24.—Makes captives. Isa. v., 13.

Sunday, Oct. 25.—Topic—Why I will never use strong drink. Dan. i., 8-18.

What Hinders?

(Rev. Charles Lutt Palmer, in 'Christian Inteligencer.')

Doubtless incompetent and unconverted Sunday school teachers are often an obstacle to the conversion of children. Not intentionally, but having had no change of heart themselves, they are unable to direct those under their charge to Christ. The Sunday school is more important today than it has ever been, and it is becoming even more so, since home teaching has been so largely discontinued and assigned to the Bible school. It is not only necessary to impart systematic instruction in the Word of God, but the application should direct the young mind to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. It is therefore of great consequence that only intelligent Christian teachers should be employed in our Bible schools, so that from them they may learn of Him who came to seek and save. The teaching in our Bible schools would be more efficacious if the lesson leaves were left at home and only Bibles brought. We must master the words of Scripture if we expect to grasp its sacred teachings.

Church officers may discourage children in their efforts to become disciples of Christ by refusing them admission into the Church. Not a few of our most spiritual and most aggressive churches are receiving children into full communion. There are others of the more conservative type, which deny the privileges of church membership to those under a certain age. It is by no means the purpose of the writer to insinuate that the latter are actuated by a wrong motive, but to affirm that he believes no child should be excluded merely on account of age. Again, only such children should be admitted as are able to give evidence of a new heart and a desire to serve the Master. One cold, bleak afternoon a farmer was gathering his sheep and lambs into the barn. Just then his pastor happened along, and seeing the farmer caring for the lambs, asked him why he was so particular to put them in a warm place. The farmer replied that they would perish if left out all night in the cold. But, said the minister, why not leave them out all night for several nights to see if they will 'hold out?' The farmer saw the lesson. He had recently advised his child not to unite with the church until she was older. But the illustration of the lambs suggested his mistake. It is not safe for church officers to exclude children from full communion membership simply because they are children. Such as are able to give the required evidence ought to be welcomed among the people of God.

Don't let your teaching be too formal, and, above all, don't spend all your time in simply teaching such things as that at the Deluge it rained exactly so many days; that Noah was in the Ark precisely so many months; that a certain king began to reign in such and such a year, and reigned just so many years, and he died. But let every word be calculated to make the children better, never forgetting that the supreme object is to bring them to Christ.—'Spectator.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Sandy Brown

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

(G. Jameson, in 'Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Long enough he kept his own counsel; but one night he had to tell me all. I must save her. She feared me. Could I not get at her, somehow? So we agreed that I should patrol the district at midnight, to catch her, poor woman, who was so far from home and love; from self and God.

A sweet harvest midnight hour, full moon; hardly dark, not many astir. Every thing so quiet and unlike mid-day.

'Hulloa!'

'Hulloa!' said Inspector Graham touching his hat. 'Seldom we see you here at this hour. What's up?'

'Man, Graham,' I said, wringing his hand, you are a gentleman. What cloud dropped you? The very man I want. Have you a second to spare?'

'Yes! go on. I just left the sergeant this minute; all's right for half-an-hour; we can walk, and talk as we go.'

'Well, man. I'm in a fix. You know Brown, the smith? He has made a profession lately, which I believe genuine; but, oh dear! his wife breaks the door, pawns everything, and I fear mischief; so I promised the poor fellow to hunt all round to-night to catch her.'

'You did? Well, I don't like to say it—but the more fool you.'

'Tuts, Graham! that's not like you.'

'Maybe no! but—excuse me saying it—we know Brown, and—well, you don't. Watch him, he's after no good. He's a bad one!'

Much more was said and answered—Graham, sure I was being 'sold,' angry at my simplicity; while I was as sure he erred this time.

When more talk was idle he blew his whistle in despair, and gave pointed orders to the sergeant, who, in half an hour, had put my wants over a large part of the sleeping city. But it was all in vain. Early that autumn morning I tumbled, thoroughly tired, into bed and slept soundly. After a bath and breakfast I was off again—in vain, again, all our search.

Next day fell, like a benediction, God's holy Sabbath; and, at evening-time, I was glad to see Mrs. Brown at her own fireside. She was humble, crushed, dejected, ashamed. She had returned early that morning in a bad way, had taken poison, but too much, and so had not retained it. Then came resolve, reconciliation, peace.

I pled with her as if she had been my one ewe lamb. Sandy pled; the bairns all joined in. What a scene! while evening shadows softly fell. If only Inspector Graham had been there! But God was there, moving meltingly in every heart; and we all felt ourselves, God's grace apart, in the region of the impossible.

Then we all knelt down in that little kitchen, that Sabbath evening in The Open, to cast our selves on God: In his sovereign mercy we set our hope; at the cross we lay seeking not pardon only, but the grace to help in time of need.

As I walked homewards many thoughts were mine. It was a lovely evening, though late a little; and, instinctively, I was led into 'the heavenlies,' where loud songs or joy proclaim the glad, swelling tidings that another wayfaring soul has found the way to God, heaven, home.

CHAPTER V.

Many years have passed away. Inspector Graham is dead now, though he lived long enough to see Sandy an elder in the church where himself had long been a deacon.

Sandy has stood long and nobly. He has told me that the past, when he thinks of it, is like a bad dream. Mrs. Brown has backed up all his endeavors. The house is 'a little place'—the same house it is, but how different, the sweet room and kitchen. Some little ones have 'gone home,' and she shows you with a mother's joy, through tears, the little Memoriam cards, over the mantel. She hopes to meet them again, and, with them, be part of 'the choir invisible.'

Meantime, Sandy and she live the new life, where they lived the old. And at the prison gate of a Monday morning you may find both; or, mayhap, Sandy alone, on a cold morning, laying hold of a former 'mate'—ere he fall into bad hands. Sandy has him off home, where Helen, fresher and plumper than we once knew her to be, has a steaming breakfast waiting. Then Sandy 'takes the books,' as we Scotch folk say; and he who has felt temptation's awful power, now pleads for his friend, before the Throne of God. In this way Sandy seeks to be 'a man of help'; and not a few in The Open have ventured to take their griefs to Sandy, and been led by him to his and their Saviour.

The last time I saw Sandy was on a Communion Sabbath afternoon. His minister, Great Heart,—whose smile was full of gracious peace, and who now rests and so lives in God—had asked me to aid him at the Sacrament of the Supper; and not the least joy that day was just to watch Sandy.

I see him yet. According to custom, Great Heart arranged us all in order of march in the little vestry. Prayer was offered—then we set off downstairs for the church. As officiating minister I led the way; elders, bearing 'the elements,' followed; then Great Heart came last of all, clothed with benign humility. How I watched Sandy reverently arrange the bread; how softly he bore it—in its white cloth, like Christian holiness, mean but clean, down the aisle. Then, all was over. The great day was closing for another term, and we all stood up to sing Paraphrase fifty-four.

Sandy and I exchanged glances, knowing fine each other's thoughts, only we dare not sing. Voices we had; but our thoughts were too many and too great just then. How sweetly the song went, as sung at the Table that day:—

'Jesus, my Lord! I know His name,
His name is all my boast;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.'

Sandy didn't sing, nor did I. We knew where each other's thoughts were—away back in the years, in that awful hand-to-hand fight for an immortal soul: 'at the front' were we against Sin and Death, and Hell!

So we couldn't sing; but through the gathering mist of tears, a great joy filled our hearts. 'Till the day dawn'—that was our feast divine. It was an ante-past of heaven!

(The End.)

Gilded Traps.

How many traps there are set for our young people! That is what makes parents so anxious. Here are temptations on every hand for every form of dissipation and every stage of it. The young man, when he first goes into dissipation, is very particular where he goes. It must be a fashionable hotel. He could not be tempted into these corner nuisances, with red-stained glass and a mug of beer painted on the sign-board. You ask the young man to go into that place, and he would say, 'Do you mean to insult me?' No; it must be a marble-floored bar-room. It must be a place where fashionable gentlemen come in and click their cut glass and drink to the enouncement of flattering sentiment. But the young man cannot always find that kind of place; yet he has a thirst, and it must be gratified. The down-grade is steeper now, and he is almost at the bottom. Here they sit in an oyster cellar around a card-table, wheezing, bloated, and blood-shot, with cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. But never mind; they are only playing for drink. Shuffle away; shuffle away! The landlord stands in his shirt-sleeves with hands on his hips, watching the game and waiting for another call to fill the glasses. The clock strikes twelve; it is the tolling of the bell of eternity at the burial of a soul. Two hours pass on, and they are all sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord says, 'Come, now, wake up; it's time to shut up.' They look up and say, 'What?' 'It's time to shut up.' Push them out into the air. They are going home! Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What is the history of that young man? He began his dissipation at the first-class hotel, and completed his damnation in the worst grog-shop in the back street.—Dr. Talmage.

An important work of the school is to prepare the child to resist temptation and meet responsibility without faltering. The influence of the cigarette is as perilous to-day as ever the seductive pipes of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin,' whom the children followed to their destruction. And we can save the children, only by teaching them the danger that lurks in these harmless-looking rolls of paper and tobacco, before the appetite for them is formed—Mary H. Hunt.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 3, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The English Dailies on the Ministerial Crisis—The 'Standard,' 'Morning Post,' 'Morning Leader,' 'Daily Chronicle' and 'Daily News,' London; Manchester 'Guardian.'
Mr. Balfour on 'Insular Free Trade'—The 'Times,' London.
The Fiscal Inquiry—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Lord Rosebery's Plan—English Papers.
The China Problem—F. A. H., in the New York 'Evening Post.'
Whaling Fleet of the Banks—The New York 'Times.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Byzantine Renaissance—By L. March Phillips, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Municipal Architects Wanted—The 'Ohio Architect and Builder.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Light and Shade—Poem, by Laurence Housman, in the 'Pall Mall Magazine,' London.
To Electra—Poem, by Robert Herrick.
The Miner's Poet—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Forgotten Lesson Book—By Evelyn Sharp, in 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Mr. Pigou's Pamphlet—The 'Speaker,' London.
What Have They Read?—The 'Tribune,' New York.
The Smallest Among Peoples—The 'Pilot,' London.
The Sport of Being Misunderstood—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Ireland—Her Story Told by Justin McCarthy—The New York 'Times' Saturday Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Eucalypts and the World's Fuel—The 'Scientific American.'
The Art of Fence—By H. H. W., in the 'Pilot,' London.
Copyright in China—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Science in the Pulpit—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
Be Wyse and Not Foolish—From the Breviarie of Health.'

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

'World Wide'

CUT, Subscribers to the 'Messenger' may have 'World Wide' at the specially reduced rate of 75 Cents,

Will be sent to any address for twelve months for $1.00.

by sending this coupon, or they can have the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' for 12 months on trial, the two papers for a dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

Correspondence

BIBLE RIDDLE.

'He asked for water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish.'

Give in full the story referred to. It is in the first half of the book of Judges.

FOR THE TINIES.

Give the verses in the First Epistle of St. John which speak about 'knowing.'

SUCCESSFUL TINIES.

Isabel Burgess, age 8; Helena Isabel Mackenzie, age 8; Ethel May Bowers, age 12; Katie Boston MacDonald, Edna Stringer, age 13; Norma Loretta E., age 11; Mamie Dennison, age 11; Irene Wigginton, age 13; Sophie Barbour, age 11.

Bognor, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I hope you can make room for another little letter. I have never seen any letters from our Sunday-school, so I thought I would write one, and thank you for the many beautiful messages we get every week through the 'Messenger.' We have our Sunday-school in the summer months only, on account of it being the country, and the snow is very deep. There are three teachers. We had a very good Christmas tree last year. All the scholars got prizes, and some received diplomas for reciting the whole of the Shorter Catechism and a certain number of verses. Our minister's name is Mr. B. (Presbyterian). I was much pleased to find my name among the successful Tinies. We have one grandpa, and he is nearly eighty-two years of age. Owen Sound is our county town, it being twelve miles from here. Bognor is our post-office. We have two lovely little kittens. We call them Bud and Blossom. E. A. M. (age 11).

Hagersville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and we like it very much. I am going to school, and am in the fourth book. I am going to tell you about my trip to Midland. We had a delightful trip up the Georgian Bay to Honey Harbor to my aunt's summer cottage. The rocks are something beyond the imagination of anyone who has never visited the Muskoka district. Some of the rocks were as high as an ordinary dwelling house. We enjoyed our six weeks immensely, and now we are at school again, and down to hard work. ZETTA G. C.

Echo Vale, Que.

Dear Editor,—I found all the verses in the Bible Competition this week. This is the second time. I have written to the 'Messenger' several times before. Our Sunday-school had a picnic on the seventh of September, and there was quite a large crowd there. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a number of books. The ones I like best are:—'Ruby and Ruthy,' 'Gypsy's Cousin Joy,' 'Little Men,' 'Bessie on Her Travels,' 'Bessie at School,' 'Elsie and the Raymonds,' 'Elsie's Womanhood,' 'Abby Blake,' 'Harry Blake's Troubles,' 'Always too Late,' 'That Lass o' Lowrie's,' 'Spun from Fact,' 'Profiles,' 'The Sky Pilot,' 'Glengarry School Days,' and others too numerous to mention. I got two Bagster Bibles for getting subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger.' Our school will stop in about five weeks more. The woods look very pretty now, all the leaves are putting on their autumn coats. Two carloads of lambs went by here during the past week. There was a football match to-day between Marsboro and Megantic. Marsboro won. KATIE BOSTON M.

Halifax, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your dear little paper for four years, and I think it is the nicest paper that comes to our house. I like to read the 'Correspondence' very much. I study at home, and am taking up the eighth grade work. I was twelve years old the third of August. I live just outside the bounds of Halifax city. The country around my home is very beautiful. Papa has a lovely horse and a two-year-old horse that took the first prize at the Provincial Exhibition this year. JESSIE M.

Middleton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' in the Sunday-school, and think it is a nice paper. I attend the Nictaux school and Nictaux Falls Baptist Sunday-school, and the Nixtaux Baptist Church, of which I am a member. I live about a mile from Middleton, where I attend the Consolidated School. This school is the first one in the province. There are seven different sections now included in this school. The scholars from all the sections except Middleton are conveyed to school in vans. This school held its first session on Sept. 3. There are about three hundred pupils in attendance. The new school building is not yet completed, and the school is necessarily separated for the present. There are forty-eight pupils in the room.

EVA MAY A.

Cornwall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. My birthday is on Aug. 11. Cornwall is a large town of nine thousand inhabitants. It has two parks. St. Lawrence Park, which is situated on the St. Lawrence River, hence its name, is connected by a street car line with two railways, the Grand Trunk and the Ottawa and New York. The other park is Central Park, which contains an exquisite fountain. Our only pet is a pure white kitten. I am the second oldest in the family. I have read nearly all of the books written by G. A. Henty, Pansy, and the author of the Elsie Books. I have read 'Infelice,' and I do not agree with Christina about Minnie Merle being the best character. She was too revengeful. I thought Regina was the nicest character. I also have read Longfellow's, Heman's and Scott's poems. I am in the fourth grade at school, and will try the entrance examination for the high school next summer.

NORMA LORETTA E.

Cresswell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years of age. My birthday is on June 2. I go to school, and I am in the third book. I have two calves and I have a cat named Topsie. I am getting my papers, and I am very well pleased with them. I think I will tell you something about the village of Sonya, which is near here. There are about twenty houses, one church, one store, a manse, one blacksmith's shop, and one post-office. Which do you like, long or short letters? Wishing the 'Messenger' every success, HUGH B.

(We like interesting letters best of all, and long letters are more likely to be entertaining than short ones. If some of those who write little letters merely to see their name in print would send in the correct answers to the competitions, their names would appear duly.—Ed.)

Gould, Que.

Dear Editor,—Over a year ago my auntie sent me the 'Messenger' as a gift, and I think it is such a nice little paper, that I am renewing it myself this year. I wonder if any of the readers of the 'Messenger' have ever been in Gould? I have for pets a cat and a puppy. I have one brother and two sisters. The school is about a mile from here, so I go about every day. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is the same day as mine, April 1?

CHRISTIE B. M. (age 14).

(We would like the readers under sixteen who have birthdays in October or November to write soon and tell us, as we are going to have a little birthday book from month to month.—Ed.)

Athol, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from this place, I thought I would write one for the first. I go to day school and Sunday-school. I am in the fourth book. Our teacher is very nice, and is a good teacher. I go to the Presbyterian Church. We are two miles from church and one mile from the day school. We have a little pup named Burleigh. He will play, and is nice. I have read quite a number of books, such as 'Jasper's Old Shed,' 'Clara and Susan,' 'Snow Bound,' 'Ungava,' 'Bird of Gay Plumage,' 'Reapers and Gleaners,' 'Martha to her little Boys' and a lot that I could not name. I have two brothers and three sisters. I had three brothers, but one is dead. Wishing great success to the 'Messenger,' J. A. M. L.

(We are are glad to hear about what you have read.—Ed.)

Cranbrook.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter that I have written to the 'Messenger.' I am twelve years of age, and have been going to Sunday-school for about five years. I am in class number seven in the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and in class number three in the Methodist Sunday-school. I go to the public school, and I am in the senior fourth class. We have two lady teachers in our school. We have a brick schoolhouse. I have about a quarter of a mile to go to school. The village in which we live has two stores, three churches, one blacksmith's shop, one hotel, one pump-shop. I live near the Maitland River, and often go in paddling. Wishing the 'Messenger' and all its readers every success,

EMMA C. H.

(Very neatly written.—Ed.)

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Hurrah for school. Our holidays are all over now, and we are preparing for a good hard study during the next term. I have enjoyed the holidays immensely. During the holidays I have occupied my time in fishing, reading, working about my garden and doing the chores for mother. I live close by the C.P.R. track, and also close by the Grand River, which flows through the town. The Grand River supplies abundant water to the mills and factories in the town. Galt is known as the manufacturing town. My eldest sister has taken the 'Messenger' since January. I like reading it very much, and especially the Correspondence. I go to the Central Church Sunday-school and church. The pastor of our church has taken a month's holiday. He has taken a trip over to Scotland. My birthday is on Sept. 11. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same day.

HILDA MacG. (age 11).

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen subscriptions o the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Talk Across the Kitchen Table

(Lucy Yates, in 'Cottager and Artizan.')

'I am going to give you all leave to ask as many questions as you like this afternoon,' Miss Patience announced gaily. 'I always think the secret of success lies in knowing the reason why anything should be done.'

'Did you say there was a principle in boiling meat? I thought you had only to put it in a pan with water and let it boil for a certain time until it was done,' said one who seemed an intelligent girl.

'So think a great many people, Bessie, and their boiled meat is spoiled meat. Yes, there is a very important principle to keep in mind, and, as the same is found in frying, we shall perhaps be able to study at the same time both modes of cooking.

'There are two ways of boiling, and you must choose one or the other according as you want either to keep in the juices of the meat or to draw them out—whether you are intending the meat for eating or for making broth.

'I am going to boil this piece of middle neck of mutton; I have chosen it because it is one of the best cuts either for eating or for broth-making; it is cheap, too, and a piece that we use more frequently perhaps than any other.

'We will suppose that we are intending to eat it with vegetables, and therefore I plunge the meat into water, that is nearly boiling. Why? Because the heat forms a thin crust on the outside and so keeps in the juices.

'The water, of course, receives a slight check after the meat is in, but I let it come to the boil again as quickly as may be; then I put in the vegetables—you see I have them ready, all nicely pared and washed. There are half a dozen small white onions, two carrots cut in half, two parsnips, and three or four turnips, also a few pieces of celery. You see the amount of water in the pan is rather more than enough to well cover the meat. I bring the water up to boiling-point once more, then draw the pan away off the fire so that from this time forth it only "simmers."

'I want you to understand that what we called boiled meat is never really boiled at all; it is only simmered. The girl or woman who can once believe that a thing is cooking when it is only simmering has learnt a valuable lesson in cookery.'

'I thought nothing boiled until you could see the bubbling,' confessed one of the pupils.

'You mean until it galloped—and so many others think. But simmering makes the meat tender, while at the same time it allows enough of the goodness to pass out to give some flavor to the broth; the broth from this, for instance, will be quite good enough to use as ordinary soup, especially if you put a little barley into it; but supposing we had intended to make broth only, not requiring the meat for eating, but desiring to get all the goodness out of it, we should have put it into "cold" water to begin with.

'Always remember that meat and bones intended for soups are put into cold water and slowly brought to a boil, then simmered. For an invalid, when you are making mutton-broth or beef-tea, the meat is left to soak in water for a few hours previous to standing it on the fire, and it never reaches the actual boiling-point at all.

'There is another point about boiled meats. If it were a fowl that you had to cook in this way, the water should at first not be nearly so hot as for meat. Why? Because the skin of a fowl is too tender to bear the sudden contact with boiling water, and it would crack. If you put it on in water that is just hot, then slowly bring it up to the boil, and simmer gently afterwards, you will find your fowl cook without losing either shape or flavor. This also is the rule for fish—hot, but not near-by boiling, water, and very gentle simmering.'

'How do you know when anything is tender—by trying it with a fork?' asked some one.

'Certainly not. That would be to let all its goodness escape. No, you must go by rule here. The rule for boiled—or, had we not better say, "simmered?"—meats and poultry is twenty minutes to the pound's weight, and for fish about ten minutes. To cook anything by boiling takes nearly twice as long as by baking. I hope you have put that down in your note books?'

'Why do you say that frying is a similar mode of cooking to boiling? I should have thought they were very different.'

'I do not think I said "similar mode," but that the principle in both cases is the same. True frying has for its object the forming of a crust on the outside so as to retain the juices and flavor within, and therefore it is, or should be, "boiling in fat."'

'Why do you say "should be," please?'

'Because too often frying is anything but boiling in fat. I have seen people start with a cold frying-pan, putting in their meat or fish at the same time as they put in a lump of cold fat, and when everything had bubbled together for a bit they concluded that their dish was done. Now, if you want to fry well it is absolutely necessary to keep at least two points in your mind first of all. You must have sufficient fat to well cover the object you are frying, and that fat must be at boiling-point. Do all of you know what is the sign by which we know fat boils?'

Several hazarded a guess.

'You are none of you right,' said Miss Patience. 'The sure sign is when it becomes perfectly still after the bubbling is over, and you can then see a faint blue smoke arising from it. But you must not let it wait longer than this before you give it something to do. Fat rarely burns when it is kept occupied, but it goes wrong very quickly if left idle. Never begin to fry until you have all things close at hand that you are likely to need—your fish or meat all ready crumbed or floured, and your dishes handy—then you can give all your attention to watching your fat.'

'Frying makes such a smell, even when you are most careful. I am always getting into trouble with it,' sighed one girl.

'There is is no reason why you should. If you are careful to keep all spots wiped off your stove as they are made—I use a crumpled piece of soft paper for the purpose—and take care that your fat does not burn, there ought to be no smell. But you must also use good fat, and you must clarify it after every time of using by pouring it into a clean jar containing a very little boiling water. If you do this every time, the same fat will last you quite a number of times. I hope none of you are guilty of leaving fat in the frying-pan until next time.'

No one confessed to this crime, so Miss Patience wound up her talk by saying:

'When I say frying is boiling in fat I must also tell you there is another mode which we call dry frying, which we use for pancakes and fritters, and for chops—namely, having very little fat in a shallow pan, and frying first on one side, then turning over on to the other. This is in some respects easier to do than the other, but it is not the best for cooking fish or potatoes, and, indeed, is only suited to pancakes and such-like.'

Hints for Housekeepers.

We find the following suggestions in the 'New England Homestead':

A Dry Mop.—Many good housekeepers prefer to use a large cloth in a mop, kept especially for the purpose, to wipe up the dust from the bare floors, rather than broom covers, which are inconvenient in so many ways.

Silver Soap.—Those who make their own kitchen hard soap from odds and ends of grease saved from the garbage can, should take out a little of the soap mixture before it is quite hard, or melt it over the fire if it is too hard, and mix with it a little whiting. Turn into empty baking powder cans and let it harden. The next day take it out of the can and cut into little round cakes two inches thick. This makes an excellent silver soap at small cost. Those who are not afraid of using a little ammonia on silver should add ammonia to the above. If well washed and rinsed the ammonia does not harm the silver.

A Short Threaded Story.—In rapid sewing I use rather short lengths of thread. This was impressed upon my mind by a wiseacre from a tailor shop, who said that once upon a time two apprentices proposed to the proprietor's daughter. The old tailor said she might marry the one who could make a garment quickest, and the young lady herself was to keep their needles threaded. To the favored one she gave the shorter threads, and by this device won the man of her heart's choice.—M. R. D. D.

The Ceiling Hook.—In many homes there is in the ceiling just over the dining table a hook that was originally intended for a chandelier or a hanging lamp. A pretty use for this hook during the summer is to hang from it, by means of small brass chains that can be bought at a dry goods store, a small basket or other receptacle which will hold a dish or a vase. In this one can keep cut flowers. A rose bowl in a round basket is used in one home with good effect. All kinds of flowers are kept in it as they come along, either wild or from the garden, and long grasses or vines are sometimes used, the long ends reaching to the tablecloth. A hanging bouquet of this sort leaves room on the table, at which a large family gathers, for other things, and is less apt to be tipped over with disastrous consequences to the table linen.

In a Shabby Parlor.

'It was a pleasant room, certainly,—there was sunlight, and a window-box in blossom, and the chairs were comfortable,—but—well—I'm sure I appreciate Mrs. Winn's wish to do her share, but it wasn't really necessary to have the committee meet there, you know; and perhaps by waiting a year she would have had things freshened up.

'The paper was so faded there was no pattern left, and you couldn't help seeing darns on the sofa cover, and there was a pile of books arranged to cover a burned place in the table-cloth,—men always do drop matches about; I can sympathize with her,—and, my dear, the one new-looking rug was all sprinkled with black, and Mrs. Winn caught me looking at it,—of course I said what a pity such a pretty rug should have met with an accident,—and she just laughed as if she didn't care a mite, and said Jessie did that pounding her fountain pen when she was doing a thesis; but what did it matter as long as the thesis got a marginal endorsement from the professor, "Thoroughly well done"?

'I dare say it was; but if my daughter had spoiled a new rug of mine, when I couldn't afford another—but there, it's no use talking! Some people are too fussy, I suppose, and some are too easy-going and Eleanor Winn is one of them. I don't believe she minds her house being shabby. I don't even believe she minds when people notice it is.'

'That's rather fine, isn' it?' queried one of the listeners, thoughtfully. 'At least, if the shabbiness is the well-worn and well-kept kind, without untidiness. I'm afraid it is beyond me to be quite comfortable when my household possessions need renovating, and I have to put up with shabby old things because I can't afford new ones; but beside Mrs. Winn's way of taking it, at least I've the grace to feel petty.'

'I was at the meeting, too,' put in the second listener, quietly, 'and I noticed the shabbiness; but I thought the room charming. Artists always admire the soft, fad-

AUTUMN OFFERS.

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.

(Made by Sanford & Bonnet, New York. Value, $2.00 cash.)

You can get this pen very easily by showing this copy of the 'Northern Messenger' to your friends. Take their subscriptions at the rate of 10c each to the end of the year. Twelve subscriptions at this rate make $1.20. Send us the $1.20 and we will send you the fountain pen free, and will send the 'Messenger' every week to the end of the year to each of your 12 friends, who must be New Subscribers.

You can also secure this pen for six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' for one year at 30c each.

Postage on the 'Northern Messenger' will be charged extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except the United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

ed colors of hard-worn peasant costumes, you know, and delight in painting them. They say there's a harmony and a character about them new clothes couldn't possibly have. I thought it was the same with Mrs. Winn's parlor; its shabbiness was so clean, so characteristic, so homely and so full of welcome, I thought it was lovely!'

'Lovely!' echoed the first speaker, in amazement. She reflected, and added with a laugh, 'No, I won't pretend to agree; I didn't think it lovely, and I don't. But I'll admit one thing: everybody seemed particularly at home and cheerful and sociable there, and we had the best meeting of the year, so perhaps it's as well she invited us, after all.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Fancy Work.

(Cora A. Matson Dolson, in 'Home and Flowers.')

Your Battenberg and knitted lace
To me are mysteries;
Instead, a rosy, laughing face
Comes up for me to kiss.

There is a call for help to send
A wayward kite afloat,
And now a jagged rent to mend,
Or sail a wooden boat.

My hand must give the ball a toss,
The painted top it twirls,
Or straightens out the tangled floss
Of little Dorcas's curls.

'Tis Dorcas dear and boyish Phil
From dawn till even-fall;
And in my dreams I keep them still,
To heed their lightest call.

I envy not your doilies rare,
Your broidered curtains fine;
Far richer are the joys I share
With these dear hearts of mine.

Selected Recipes

Cream of Corn.—Open a can of corn, turn out the contents and let stand two hours; then chop as finely as possible. Turn the corn into two cups of boiling water and let it cook slowly half an hour. Put two cups of milk into a double boiler with two large thin slices of onion, and when scalded take out the onion. Rub the corn through a wire strainer and add to the milk. Put two level tablespoons of butter in a small saucepan and when it bubbles turn in all at once two level tablespoons of flour; beat rapidly until it becomes smooth, add a little of the soup and beat, and as it thickens add a little more, then turn into the double boiler and cook for a few minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Fill a tureen with hot water, turn it out and pour in the soup. This soup has something of the flavor of oyster broth. Two or three spoonfuls of cream make it even better, but it has a creamy taste and appearance without.

Chocolate Fudge.—Put into a saucepan one-half cupful of cream and one cupful of sugar, and let it come to a boil. Meanwhile, dissolve one square of chocolate in some of the cream and add it to the sugar and cream. Cook ten or eleven minutes after it begins to boil again. Remove from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, stir briskly for two minutes and turn into buttered pans and mark into small squares. To make the nut fudge, boil together three cupfuls of granulated sugar, one cupful of milk or cream and one tablespoonful of butter for ten minutes. Take from the fire, add one cupful of chopped nuts and stir rapidly for a few minutes. Pour into buttered pans and mark in squares.

Smith College Fudge.—Melt quarter of a cup of butter. Mix in another dish one cup brown sugar, one cup white sugar, a quarter of a cup of molasses and half a cup of cream. Add this to the hot butter and boil two and one-half minutes, stirring rapidly. Then add two squares chocolate, scraped fine. Boil for five minutes, stirring briskly at first, and slower at the last. After taken from the fire add one and a half teaspoons of vanilla and stir constantly until the mass thickens. Pour into buttered pans and set away to cool.

Oatmeal Cakes.—Half a cup of butter, three-fourths cup of sugar, two eggs, four teaspoons of sour milk, one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in milk, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one cup of rolled oats, one cup of flour, one cup of raisins chopped, three-fourths pound English walnuts weighed in shell. Drop on buttered tin, one teaspoon at a time, at intervals, and bake.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 83,104, Adelard Poirier, Montreal, P.Q., car coupler; 83,112, Louis Hubert Keroack, Roxton Pond, P.Q., oil can; 83,116, James Barrowman, Halifax, N.S., plasterer's trowel; 83,155, Alfonzo Sferlozza, New York, N.Y., fire escape; 83,171, Stanislas M. Barré, Winnipeg, Man., Pasteurizer; 83,181, James Shewan, Palmerston, Ont., bicycle merry-go-round; 89,196, Martin H. Miller, Wiarton, Ont., sugar-making machine.

AUTUMN OFFERS

To January 1, 1904.

DAILY WITNESS.....only **50** cents.
WEEKLY WITNESS.....only **20** "
WORLD WIDE.....only **15** "
NORTHERN MESSENGER.....only **10** "

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The subscription for WORLD WIDE includes postage to all parts of the world.

CLUBS.

DAILY WITNESS, WORLD WIDE and NORTHERN MESSENGER **65c** to Jan. 1, 1904.
WEEKLY " " " " " **40c** " "

Subject to postal conditions above.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
"Witness" Building, Montreal.

WEEKLY WITNESS WORLD WIDE 35 Cts. to Jan. 1 1904.

'Trial trip' offer for these two weekly publications. Sample copies gladly sent on application. Ask any of the readers of these publications what they think of them.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs, or for foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies, Great Britain, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
MONTREAL.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U. S. and its Colonies, Great Britain, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above add 50c a copy postage.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger,' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

50% COMMISSION.

Good Canvassers Wanted, to push a Dollar Proposition on a 50 percent Commission.

It Appeals Strongly to the Best People in Every Locality.

No experience necessary. No deposit required. School teachers succeed well. Must furnish Minister's recommendation.

Address AGENT MANAGER,
P. O. Box 2234, Montreal.

14K GOLD WATCH FREE

for selling only **10** large beautifully colored Pictures, **16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25c. each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in **twelve colors** and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This elegant watch has a heavy Gold laid, beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. Norman Heisey, Unionville, Ont., writes "Many thanks for my watch, I am just delighted with it. My father set it with his watch the first night I got it and it is exactly with it yet. The people all think it is a little dandy and my school friends are all going to try and get one like it." Boys, you will never get a chance to get as handsome a watch for nothing. Write to-day.

THE COLONIAL ART Co., Dept 477 Toronto.

FREE RIFLE

Given for selling only 10c. each. (A certificate with each purchaser.) made entirely of never wear out dip of ink, M. Ass., said: fire. I sold minutes." Rifle is of steel barrel and walnut slugs or sufficient distance of

20 Glass Pens at 10 cents each, a certificate worth 50c. free to purchaser. These wonderful Pens are made of glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. Magunson, Churchbridge, Sask., writes: "The Pens went like wildfire. I sold them to 5 families in 5 minutes." This Long-Distance Air Rifle is the latest model with all-steel barrel and fittings, improved sights and walnut stock. It shoots B.B. shot, darts by compressed air with force to kill birds, rats, etc., at a distance of 60 ft. Ed. Charlebois, Eastman's Springs, Ont., writes: "You are the most honest Company I ever dealt with. I am quite proud of my Gun. It is a dandy and shoots splendidly." Boys, write us to-day. The Pen Co., Toronto

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Wouldn't you like to have one? "My Engine can run **6 to 8 spools** and I am delighted with it. All the boys want to buy it, but I wouldn't sell it for $1.00." That is what Alf. Dural, Bracebridge, Ont., said, and we have dozens of other letters praising this big, powerful Engine. It stands 11 inches high and is strongly made of steel with polished brass boiler, safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head, connecting rod and crank shaft with fly wheel attached, so that you can run all kinds of Toy Machinery. Just the machine to delight every boy's heart, and all you have to do to get it is to sell only 5 of our large beautifully colored pictures named "The Angel's Whisper," "Simply to the Cross I Cling," and the "Family Record." These pictures are all beautifully finished in **12 colors** and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c., and give each purchaser a 50c. certificate **free**, return us the money and we will immediately forward the Engine. Remember it is **all free**. We allow you to keep our money to pay your postage. Write us for Pictures to-day. Address **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 480 Toronto**

LADY'S ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with roses and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 479 Toronto.**

1,000 Big Dolls For 1,000 Little Girls

FREE

This lovely Doll is about 1½ ft. tall, neatly and handsomely dressed in the latest French Doll fashion. Dolly is a beauty, prettier than any baby you ever saw. She has a bisque head, rosy cheeks, beautiful blue eyes, natural golden curly ringlets, pearly teeth, fancy lace trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., to match. GIRLS, now is your chance to obtain this handsome Doll before any other girl gets ahead of you. DOLLY WILL NOT COST YOU ONE CENT. Simply send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you promptly postpaid, **10** of our CANADIAN HOME COOK BOOKS, all nicely printed on good paper, beautifully bound in attractive colored covers, and each one containing **739** choice recipes. These Books were never before sold for less than 25 cents. You sell them for only 15 cents, (and give each purchaser a 50 cent certificate free), return the money, and we will immediately send this beautiful Doll, all carefully packed in a strong box, so that it will reach you without the least bit of damage. Read what some little girls have said about this big, handsome Doll: Louise Nunn, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I am sorry that I have not written before to acknowledge my beautiful Doll, but I like her so much I can not leave her to write a note, and tell you how pleased I am. All my little girl friends think she is just lovely." Mrs. Pearson, Yorkville avenue, Toronto, writes:—"My little girl is highly delighted with her beautiful Doll, and I am very much pleased with the honest way you treated her. I can hardly get her to lay her Dolly down, she likes it so much." Girls, don't wait, but write us a Post Card for the Cook Books to-day. You can easily sell them in half an hour.

Jennie Neely, Broadbent, Ont., writes: "I sold all the Cook Books coming home from the Post-Office. Every one said they were beautiful, and worth 25 cents. I could have sold many more if I had had them."

Mrs. G. Taylor, Lacombe, N.W.T., writes: "I can not see how you can sell such useful Books so cheap. It is the best Cook Book I ever had in my house."

Girls is not the big, beautifully dressed Doll we described above worth a few minutes of your spare time? Remember, we don't want a single cent of your own, and we allow you to keep out money to pay your postage.

Address, THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 488, Toronto.

FREE!

Ladies and Girls, You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

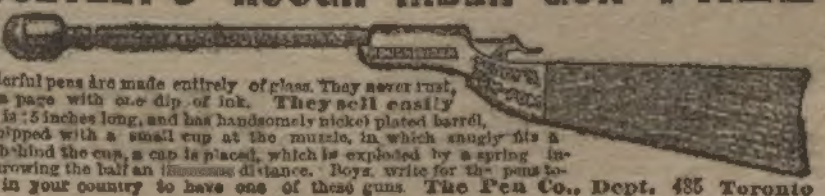
In a Few Minutes

SEND your name and address, and we will mail you post paid **8 large beautifully-colored Pictures 16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," to sell at 25c. each. We also give a 50c. certificate free to each purchaser. These pictures are handsomely finished in **12 colors**, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. each. Every one you offer them to will buy one or more. When sold send us the money, and we will send you this

HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins with six fine full black tails, the very latest style. We know you will be more than pleased with it. Miss J. Boekers, Rossenberg, Can., said: "I write to thank you for the handsome fur scarf. It is just beautiful. I could not buy one like it in our store for $3.00." The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. We could not think of giving them for so little, were it not that we had a great number made specially for us during the summer when the furriers were not busy. Ladies and girls, take advantage of this chance and write for the pictures to-day. We guarantee to treat you right, and will allow you to keep out money to pay your postage, so that your Fur Scarf **will not cost you one cent.** Address **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dep. 484 Toronto.**

TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDER GUN FREE



For selling only 15 Glass Pens at 10 cents each. A certificate worth 50c. free, with each pen. These wonderful pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This gun is 35 inches long, and has handsomely nickel plated barrel, and walnut stock. It is equipped with a small cup at the muzzle, in which snugly fits a rubber ball. In an opening behind the cup, a cap is placed, which is exploded by a spring inside the barrel of the gun, throwing the ball an immense distance. Boys, write for the pens today, and be the first boy in your country to have one of these guns. **The Pen Co., Dept. 485 Toronto**

ENAMELLED WATCH FREE.

Boys, we will give you this handsome Stem-wind Watch, fitted with good American works, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands and solid silver nickel case on which a Stag is beautifully enamelled in natural colors if you will sell for us only 8 large beautifully colored pictures 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling." Each picture is handsomely finished in 12 colors and fully worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. (give each purchaser a 50c. certificate free), return us the money and we will send you this elegantly enamelled watch free. Dennis Scott, Sapperton, B.C., said, "My watch is splendid and keeps good time. One day our teacher's watch broke down and she borrowed mine to keep time for the school." Boys, don't be without this fine looking serviceable watch, but write us a Post Card for the pictures to-day without fail. Address THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 481 TORONTO.

32 FUR CAPERINES FREE

These Caperines cost us $3.75 and we sold them all last winter for $4.75 cash. They are made of fine quality, glossy black Alaska Seal, with 5-in. storm collar, **fur on both sides** and 10-in. cape warmly padded, well lined and ornamented with 6 long felt tails. Out of several hundreds of these elegant Caperines we have only 32 left, and as we wish to clear them out at once we have decided to give them away **absolutely free** for selling only **1 doz.** of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16x20 inches, named, "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record" and "Rock of Ages," at 25c. each (every purchaser gets a Certificate free). These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. Our agents are delighted with them. They sell so easily. This is a great chance for any lady or girl to get a magnificent warm Fur Caperine for the winter. Remember, there are only 32, so send for the Pictures at once or you will be too late. **Home Supply Co., Dept. 485 Toronto.**

LADIES' GOLD WATCH FREE

PICTURE IS EXACT SIZE.

Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you postpaid, 20 **Canadian Home Cook Books**, all nicely printed, beautifully bound and each one containing **733** choice Recipes. These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. each. You sell them for only **15c.** and give a free Certificate worth **50c.** to each purchaser; remit us the money and we will send you this beautiful little watch with 14k. Gold Finished Case, elaborately engraved in Solid Gold designs, fancy dial, dainty hands and reliable imported Swiss movement. It is undoubtedly the prettiest little Gold Watch ever given away. Myrtle Clyne, Walsingham Centre, Ont., writes: "I am well pleased with my Watch. It is a little beauty and far handsomer than I expected. I have been agent for other companies before, but never got such a lovely Premium." Ladies and Girls, write us to-day. We guarantee to treat you right. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 423 TORONTO.**

Real Opal Ring Free.

Superior Quality Solid Gold Filled Ring, **Guaranteed for five years**, beautifully set with **three large real opals, not imitations.** The prettiest and most expensive Ring ever given away. Miss Cora Washington, Auburn, Ont., writes: "I am perfectly delighted with my Opal Ring. I consider it a gem of beauty and a very elegant gift for the small amount of work I did." Girls and ladies, we will give you this beautiful Real Opal Ring free if you will sell only eight of our large, beautifully colored Pictures, named, "The Angel's Whisper," "Simply to the Cross I Cling" and "The Family Record." These Pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c. and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return the money, and we will send you this beautiful Real Opal Ring Free. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept 478 Toronto.

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you **15** large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x72 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in **12** colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept **408** Toronto.

ELEGANT SET OF DISHES GIVEN AWAY FREE.

We have **64 elegant sets of dishes** left over from last season's stock (32 sets, **40 pieces**; 19 sets, **38 pieces**; 23 sets, **34 pieces**; which we are going to give away absolutely free for selling only **10** of our **large beautiful colored pictures 16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages," and "The Family Record," at 25c. each. **Every purchaser gets a certificate worth 50c free.** These pictures are all handsomely finished in **12 colors** and could not be bought in any store for less than **50c.** Miss Cooper, Oak River, Man., writes: "As soon as I got the pictures, I called on five parties and in about 15 minutes I had not one left and could have sold many more if I had had them. **They went like hot cakes.** Everybody wondered how you could sell them for so little." And just think, you have to sell **only 10** of these handsome pictures in order to get one of these elegant sets of dishes. All last year we gave them away for selling from **$3.60** to **$5.40** worth (according to the number of pieces) and they sell regularly in all stores for **$4.00** and **$5.00.** Every piece is full size for family use, and is made of the finest ware in the newest shapes and latest designs, with beautifully colored raised decorations. Mrs. Turner, Cressbury, Que., writes: "I am more than pleased with my dishes. They are far better than I expected and they came without one getting broken." Ladies now is your chance. Remember **only 64 sets** to be given away, so send for the pictures to-day, as the 40-piece sets will be given away first, then the 38, and so on until the whole 64 are gone. Address: **THE COLONIAL ART CO. Dept. 487 Toronto.**

BIG HANDSOMELY DRESSED DOLL AND HER AUTOMOBILE FREE

DOLLY AND HER MECHANICAL AUTOMOBILE

This New Doll is a big beauty, **1 1-2 feet tall.** She has a handsome bisque head, curly hair, pearly teeth, fancy lace-trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., to match. A sweet and pretty doll baby that every little girl will go wild over. Write us at once and we will mail you **1 doz. 25c.** Canadian Home Cook Books to sell at only **15c.** each. (Every purchaser gets a certificate worth **50c.** free.) When sold, remit us the money, and we will send you at once this lovely big dressed Doll, together with **Dolly's Mechanical Motor Car, or Automobile,** as an **extra present,** in addition to the Doll premium. Order the Cook Books at once, and be the first one in your town to receive a big, beautifully dressed Doll baby and automobile. Gertrude Bridgeman, Collingwood, Ont., writes: "My Dollie is lovely. I was so proud of it that I could not eat any supper. I kiss it every five minutes. The extra present is very nice too." Address plainly, Home Specialty Co., Toronto.

GOLD HUNTING CASE WATCH FREE

Not One Cent to Pay!

We are giving this handsome Gold Finished Double Hunting-Case Watch, ladies' or gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in Solid Gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted, reliable imported jewelled movement, if you will sell for us only 15 large beautifully colored pictures named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record" and "Rock of Ages," at 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. At 25c. you can sell every one in less than an hour. Miss Flo. Munn, Thessalon, Ont., writes: "I received my gold watch and am more than pleased with it. It is simply beautiful. I never expected to get such a grand prize for so little work. It looks worth $50.00 and keeps splendid time. It is a watch any person would be proud to wear." Wm. Caulfield, Esq., Toronto, writes: "My watch is a beauty. All my friends think it is grand and it keeps splendid time. All my friends think it is grand and it keeps splendid time. Remember it looks exactly like a solid gold watch." Is not a watch like this worth the little work we ask you to do? Write us to-day and we will mail the Pictures postpaid. Address, **The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 483 Toronto.**

FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well made, finely finished Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 476 Toronto.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

for selling at **15c.** each, only **10** 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books, all nicely printed, beautifully bound and each one containing **733** choice Receipts. A Certificate worth 50c. given free with each Book. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and imported Swiss movement. Ralph Lamb, Chapleau, Ont., writes: "I am very proud of my beautiful watch. I would not trade with my father. I sold the Cook Books easily after school." Write us to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 482 TORONTO.**

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP